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Mr. Bevan and the Budget

So the rumours about the resignation of Aneurin Bevan remain rumours after all! Yet it is an undeniable fact that this year's Budget produced the most serious Cabinet crisis since 1945. Moreover, the repercussions of that crisis in the Parliamentary Labour Party showed that the tension between Mr. Bevan and some of his Right-wing colleagues could not only bring down the Government but split the Labour movement from top to bottom.

At first sight it is puzzling that this crisis has been precipitated not by one of the many big issues which confront the Government but by a modest proposal to make us all pay half the price of the false teeth and spectacles that we require. Of all the social services it is the Health Service which has been most widely criticised for profligate expenditure, and there are many Socialists who believe that one way of dealing with its abuses is to make the patient pay, not for the Service, but for some of the goods he receives from it. Mr. Bevan felt that a violation of principle was involved in making the patient pay for any part of free treatment. Since it would have been easy enough for the Treasury to find another way to save the sum involved, he probably assumed that the Chancellor was being doctrinaire in forcing this particular issue down his throat, just as the Chancellor made the same charge against him for being so stubborn. So Right-wing dogma clashed with Left-wing dogma, and the results were very nearly fatal.

There is a danger that the publicity given to this single issue of the Health Service will divert attention from the broader aspects of the Budget. The Chancellor's speech was a brilliant piece of exposition and it contained a shrewdly concocted dose of medicine, whose colour, very pale pink, has relieved many of his own supporters. Socialists can point out on the platform that the amount of industrial profits now taken by taxation will rise to 14s. 9d. in every pound, and they can remind their listeners that Mr. Gaitskell has not forgotten his first duty as a Socialist Chancellor in a period of soaring prices to avoid cuts in "welfare," and to give extra assistance to the poorest, the Old Age pensioners. Technically, this is a good Budget.

But is it good enough, or Socialist enough? So far, we have hardly begun to feel the effects of our own rearmament on the cost of living. Price rises and shortages are due to trans-Atlantic factors and not to our own armaments drive. Will a very slight increase in Old Age pensions (limited to those over 70) and very modest income-tax concessions to households where the shoe pinches most painfully provide sufficient protection against price-inflation to the lower income groups? The real debate between Left and Right centres round this issue. The Left wanted the Government to give first place to stabilisation of prices, even if this involved increasing death duties and raising the cost of petrol to 4s. in order to pay for subsidies (which would involve rationing) on utility clothes and footwear.

Underlying this issue there is a principle on which the Chancellor can reasonably be challenged. Mr. Gaitskell made it only too clear that, whereas he is determined to put ceilings on social service expenditure, he accords Defence an absolute priority. The sum of £1,400 millions allocated this year to arms expenditure is not a ceiling; it is a fantastically high target which the Service Departments, despite the extravagances which they can now permit themselves, will hardly achieve. On the other hand, the Chancellor's decision broadly to hold the civil Estimates at last year's figures means an actual cut in the social services: with this year's prices the same expenditure will provide much less. The Chancellor, in fact, is encouraging the Service Ministers to spend more than they reasonably can, and then cutting the social services in order to balance his Budget.

Mr. Bevan's instinct was right when he saw this Budget as a dangerous precedent. Not for the first time, however, he made a tactical error in his conduct of the affair. The time surely to threaten resignation was when the Defence Estimates of £4,700 millions were being debated and not when one unpopular but minor consequence arose. Having made his mistake, however, he was certainly right to give way to the pressure of his friends and withdraw from his exposed position. But this should not mean that Left-wing criticism of the absolute priority of the Defence expenditure over social services should cease. Indeed, it should be strengthened. We are at the beginning of the first year of a three-year rearmament programme; and, if the critics do not get their way, this year's Budget will set the precedent for far worse things to come.

The National Accounts

Apart from the controversial issue of the Health Service charges, the Budget contained little that was unexpected, and less still which the Opposition can effectively attack. Given a prospective increase of nearly £1,000m. in total expenditure on both revenue and capital account, Mr. Gaitskell could hardly produce a "popular" set of proposals. As it is, given his assump-

tion of one cardinal principle—that the present ceiling for cost-of-living subsidies must not be exceeded—he has gone as far as he could be expected to go in easing the immediate burden of rearmament.

The increase of sixpence in all three rates of income tax, tempered by the enlargement of married and child allowances, takes £75m. from the pockets of income tax payers; but couples with two children will benefit until the £1,000 income mark is passed, and there will be some relief even for childless couples in the £5-£7 per week class. The rise in Entertainment Duty is not socially significant; the higher tax on petrol is a reasonable impost to balance the current addition to railway freight charges; the doubling of the purchase tax on wireless and television sets and on gas and electric household gadgets is a logical deterrent in view of competing armament demands on the engineering industry; and the Chancellor can hardly be blamed for seeking to appropriate some of the windfall which accrues to the purchaser of a new motor car at a price hitherto far below its value for sale when the time-limit expires and resale is permissible.

With these increases and a further small gain, this year, from the higher tax on distributed profits, Mr. Gaitskell fortifies his revenue in 1951-52 by £138m. He is thus left with an estimated "above the line" surplus of £39m., against £720m. actual in 1950-51. When "below the line" items are included, he expects to have an overall deficit of about £460m. as compared with an overall surplus of about £250m. last year.

Inflation Ahead?

Does the Budget provide adequate safeguards against inflation? The Treasury estimates of revenue from existing taxation—providing, as they do, for a considerable drop in the yield of Customs and Excise—look conservative; and it may well be that the final outcome this year will reduce the estimated sum to be borrowed. If Mr. Gaitskell is correct in his forecast of private and corporate savings (the latter stimulated by the increase in the distributed profits tax), there is probably a sufficient element of "disinflation" in his positive fiscal proposals. Moreover, next year, he will extract an additional £230m. from soaring industrial profits, both by the increased tax on dividends and by the discontinuance of the initial allowances on new plant, equipment and buildings.

This conclusion, however, requires one big qualification. The decision not to increase food subsidies or to extend them to utility clothing means that the full impact of the inflation of world prices will hit the consumer: except in the case of some Old Age pensioners, no shelter is interposed; and, if the forecasts of the *Economic Survey* are borne out, we may expect to see the cost of living up by at least 10 per cent. next winter. The most questionable assumption in the Budget is that the working class will allow this rise in living costs to "mop up" such recent gains as have been achieved in nominal wages, or that there will not be a "second round" of wage demands in coming months.

The End of the Debate

After four months of the "great debate," the Senate has finally approved the despatch of four additional American divisions to Europe. This much is a victory for the Administration. At first, its critics—especially Mr. Herbert Hoover—attacked the whole idea of the Atlantic Treaty, but the opposition latterly narrowed to only two issues. Were U.S. ground units to help garrison Europe, and had the President the power to send such units overseas without specific authority from Congress? Senators Wherry and Taft fought hard to establish the ultimate right of Congress to decide on the disposition of American forces, though they were driven to concede the principle of strengthening the European theatre after General Eisenhower's testimony on his return from his European tour. Mr. Truman, on the other side, was fighting, without much skill, to retain troop movements as a prerogative of the President as Commander-in-Chief—an attitude that made many Senators feel that they were to be used as no more than a rubber-stamp.

In the middle of March, the Senate agreed to the principle of the Atlantic Treaty, to Eisenhower's appointment and to contributing a "fair share" of U.S. troops to European defence. But the critics of the Administration still had sufficient strength to carry the McClellan amendment, which limited the movement of American units to the additional four divisions specifically requested by the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The Administration could not secure the reversal of this vote, and has had to be content with the approval of the four divisions and the implied commitment to add to them if need arises. But in this caucus race, the losers had prizes too, for they may fairly regard the resolution now carried as denying the President *carte blanche* in the future and as asserting the right of Congress to share in later decisions about the despatch of troops in peacetime. In short, provided the President keeps Congress in the picture, he can give General Eisenhower whatever he asks.

The California Oath

For more than two years, the University of California has been in an uproar over the loyalty oath which, in June, 1948, the Regents of the University requested from the four thousand faculty members. After much dissension, a majority agreed to sign, but the remainder refused on principle and were dismissed. The case became a national issue, and the subject of much discussion and uneasiness on American campuses. The prestige of the University suffered: it lost men of great academic standing and integrity. The Regents' action became a test case of academic freedom.

Eighteen professors, however, claiming that the oath was illegal, brought suit for reinstatement. They did not argue on the grounds that a Communist has a right to teach, but insisted that a *special* loyalty oath from teachers—in addition to the normal oath sworn on appointment to a State post—was degrading, and based upon the assumption that teachers are more suspect than policemen or road-sweepers. They argued, further, that to insist upon a special oath was futile, forcing the resignation of liberals who objected to the principle, but offering no problem to any "subversive" who might amorally subscribe to it. Their argument has now been upheld by the California Court of Appeal, which has pointed out that such an "exclusive test" might be the forerunner of tyranny, and has ordered the reinstatement of the dismissed professors. For the Regents to appeal this decision would only be further proof of blind stupidity, violating the idea of decency and justice and bringing further trouble on their University.

Green Light for the Ruhr

While second thoughts about the Schuman Treaty reverberate with bitter criticism in the German Right-wing press—and spokesmen for German heavy industry now demand that Germany be given "more than an equal voice" in the Treaty's execution—the more discreet among the German conservatives are reckoning up the gains they have already made. These are not small. Although the Western Powers have continued to insist upon the maintenance of two forms of restriction—the steel capacity "ceiling" of 14.6 million tons and the revised programme of "decartellisation"—German industrialists now enjoy a far greater measure of *practical* freedom than they could reasonably have hoped for even a couple of years ago.

The last batch of American sponsored "decontrols" permits Western Germany to build merchant vessels of any speed or size, and to produce as much aluminium, synthetic ammonia, chlorine, and styrene as manufacturers desire. Synthetic petrol and rubber are allowed to come into production again, though as yet only to the limit of existing capacity. Many previously restricted machine-tools may now be produced again, while the High Commission has expressed its readiness to consider enlargement of existing capacity for the making of electric-furnace steel as well as of ball and roller bearings. The Federal Government has undertaken to try to prevent machine tools from being exported to Eastern Germany and Eastern Europe. Indicative of the influence of rearmament on these decisions is the permission to manufacture steel beyond the present *production* "ceiling" of 11.1 million tons a year: this means that up to 3.5 million tons of steel a year may now be produced in the Ruhr for the purposes of Western defence—the *capacity* "ceiling" remaining, at any rate for the moment, at 14.6 million tons. The integration of German industry in the Western rearmament programme has also made a modest beginning with the attempt to place orders in Western Germany for certain items of military equipment. The production of weapons, however, is still prohibited.

Italian Social-Democrats Unite

The leaders of the two Social-Democratic groups in Italy have narrowly succeeded—by a delegate conference vote of 54 per cent.—in uniting into one party. After some two years of earnest and at times acrimonious debate between them, this is a considerable achievement. Neither Saragat nor Romita have found it easy to reconcile conflicts of interest and interpretation between their groups; and even to-day, as the vote in conference shows, there will be many who disagree more or less

pertinaciously with the terms of compromise. These have provided that Saragat and his P.S.L.I. should resign from the Government—which they have done—but that both Social-Democratic groups should now support the De Gasperi Government on the Atlantic Pact and on Italian rearmament. It is thought that the united Social-Democratic party will later enter the Government, and that both Saragat and Romita will receive portfolios. Perhaps more urgent even than support for these controversial issues, however, is the Christian Democrats' need for a common front in municipal elections now pending. The new Social-Democratic Party is to join with the Christian Democrats in an effort to turn the Communists and Nenni Socialists out of their control of local government in such cities as Milan, Turin, Genoa, Bologna, and Venice. It is clear that De Gasperi and the Christian Democrats may expect to gain much from this Social-Democratic unification; while the Social-Democrats hold that their unification should strengthen counsels of moderation within the Government, and give the "anti-clerical Centre" a firmer platform.

Authors' Earnings

One welcome item in the Report of the Tucker Committee on the Taxation of Trading Profits is the attention paid to the problem of authors' earnings. The man who, after years of poorly-paid authorship, suddenly achieves success, has always suffered from the sharp incidence of tax. No matter how long his book may have taken to write, nor how much income from other sources he has forgone to write it, he has paid tax on his total earnings in the financial year in which his royalties are paid. No one can say how many writers have been penalised or forced to give up by this system. But it is certain that many have been discouraged. A writer, moreover, needs the earnings of a successful book not only to compensate him for the time spent in writing it but also to provide the working capital for travel or for his support while he writes another.

The Tucker Committee suggests that the problem is adequately met by letting authors compute their *surtax* by averaging their income over a period of five years. But why should the concession be limited to surtax? This would help few but the authors of best sellers or those with a steady income from other sources. The person who most needs a helping hand is the moderately successful author, who may struggle along on a comparative pittance from articles and broadcasts, hoping that the next book may give him sufficient return to enable him to devote his whole time to a book. While he may never reach the surtax level the sudden addition of three or four hundred pounds to an average income of, say, six hundred, may cut steeply into his receipts from a book. The answer is, surely, to permit authors to average out all earnings from books, irrespective of the amount, over a period of three years, and then to tax the average income in the normal way. This Report appeared too late for consideration in the Budget. But the point can be raised on the Finance Bill, and the Government would be wise to make a concession that would cost little.

Rescuing the Conference?

Our Paris correspondent writes: The longer the Deputies continue their hairsplitting discussions, the more sceptical is everybody becoming about the Foreign Ministers' conference ever leading to anything at all, or even taking place. Even so, on the British side, at any rate, the greatest importance is attached to the ultimate success of the Deputies' conference and it is fairly confidently predicted that, in another fortnight, agreement will have been reached on the agenda. It is certain that, if the British want this conference to succeed, the Russians want it too. Mr. Jessup also says he wants it to succeed; but whether that is also the feeling of his chiefs in Washington nobody quite knows. As for the French, they are doing as they are told by the Americans. The Russian view, in the circumstances, is that if the conference is not to break up, it will be only thanks to Britain. Certainly, Mr. Ernest Davies seems to be fully conscious of his essential role as conference-rescuer.

The paradoxical situation continues in which the three Western Powers stick throughout to their "united front"; but what ultimately matters is whether, during their give-and-take conferences *à trois* every morning, Mr. Davies succeeds in winning over Mr. Jessup to the kind of compromise which will make it possible to reach a further compromise with Gromyko. Both the Americans and the Russians seem to want an absolutely rigid agenda; the British line is that, even if a few obscurities are allowed to survive in the final agenda, it should still be adopted, rather than have no Big Four Conference at all. Much is made on the British side of the Causes of Tension "umbrella" under which German demilitarisation and the level and reduction of armaments can all be discussed "as a whole." But the quarrel is still over the exact order in which the "causes" and their remedies are to be enumerated.

Even if the thorny question of German armaments is put at the top of the list, it is argued on the Western side that it should not be put in such a way that the Russians could interpret it as meaning that it is the "first cause" of international tension. If "reduction" is put before "level" of armaments, then, it is feared, the Russians might think France had implicitly promised to reduce her armaments, when, in reality, she has not. Another point: why limit the reduction of armaments to the Big Four? What about China, Poland, etc.? As against this, the Americans seem reluctant to admit that either the Atlantic Pact or the American bases round Russia are "causes of tension." To the layman, all this looks like a lot of quibbling, and perhaps he is not far wrong to conclude that if the will is there to go ahead with the Four Ministers' Conference, then the Deputies' Conference will not break down.

The role played by M. Parodi—or rather, not played at all in M. Schuman's absence—has been unenviable. President Auriol, it must be said, has not set M. Parodi a very good example during his U.S. visit. The most acid criticism of Auriol was published in the *Canard Enchaîné* in the form of an imaginary "Auriol Diary":—

> That speech of mine, I hear, made a tremendous impression. Heavens! Didn't I build up France to them! What muscles we have in France! What guts! We shall fight when necessary! The soldiers of Verdun! Our glorious come-back in Indo-China! There were moments when I thought they'd appoint me in MacArthur's place!!! What a change for the Yanks after the visit from that sourpuss Attlee, with his "counsels of moderation"!

The President's totally uncritical attitude to America has been criticised in a surprisingly large number of quarters here.

PARLIAMENT: The Budget and Nye

Wednesday

"AND after the tempest, a still quietness." So the Commons began last week, following the raging of the weeks before the recess. In spite of five Tory Prayers on the Order Paper, the first night was all sweet reasonableness; and good tempers lasted through debates on sea fish, salmon, utility pram rugs and pet animals. One ounce of cheese, however, was enough to tip the scales. The ease of the final birth of the little Leasehold Bill, after its earlier struggle to be born, had lulled Labour members to a sense of false security. The Tories, failing in the new tricks, brought out again an old one. And it worked. The Government was defeated by 18 votes on a Prayer to annul the Order which had reduced the cheese ration from 3ozs to 2ozs. "Government down, cheese up," read the headlines. Though, if Fred Lilley, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Food, be right, the result will be only a variant of "Alice"—"Cheese yesterday, cheese to-day, but no cheese to-morrow," which is rather the pattern of Tory opposition.

For the Budget the House was crowded and excited; rather like a contemporary night at Harringay. The champion of the big fight was at the top of the bill, but with so few contests to his credit that his real form was quite unknown. As in previous years, Sir William Darling sat top-hatted, like an auctioneer from Dickensia, though not this year alone. Five other Tories, envious of last year's lonely dignity, sat behind him, in a bunch. Sir Will looked as though he despised both their appearance and their gregariousness. Cheering swelled as Churchill came in, and the Chancellor and the Chancellor's orange juice. But where was Nye?

When it was over, Labour members looked relieved, Tory members pained. Popularity should be the prerogative of Opposition, not of Government. And this Budget threatened to be popular. There were, of course, omissions. Each Member later paraded his own King Charles' head. But there were things to cheer about also—increases in profits tax, and increases in pensions; exemptions from purchase tax of kitchen goods, encouragement to Britons to marry and have families—but to avoid, if possible, the necessity of spectacles and dentures.

Despite the Minister of Labour, charges would be made on these. Where, then, was Nye? Absent from his usual place on the Front Bench, Bevan stood behind the Speaker's chair, whilst Gaitskell underlined the conflict on this issue: "the Chancellor will not be moved by any pressure of any kind, however insidious or well intentioned."

In the succeeding Debate, it was inevitable that the Budget should get mixed up with the position of the Labour Minister. Henderson-Stewart, whose wide sympathies enable him to be Liberal, National and Conservative at the same time, favoured words meaning what they said and insisted that Bevan should resign, since he had said that he would not remain a member of a Government which made a charge on the Health Service. Dr. Morgan, on the other hand, from a wide medical experience argued that not spectacles and dentures, but hospitals and surgery, were *health*. The Minister, therefore, would stay where he was, if words meant anything.

But where was Nye? He was at St. Mary's Hospital paying a visit to Mr. Attlee. And his views, it seems, are not for publication—unless perhaps to the Prime Minister. And the P.M. doubtless will keep counsel. . . . and Gaitskell. . . . *and* Nye . . . if he can.

TOM WILLIAMS

Passing of the Pro-Consul

PRESIDENT TRUMAN has taken his courage in both hands and sacked General MacArthur. Characteristically, after much hesitation and a seeming show of weakness, he has acted with an abrupt vigour which suggests that his patience was suddenly exhausted. The instinct that served him so well in the 1948 election campaign told him that he would win and not lose support by "purging" the leader of the Opposition. It is also true that Mr. Morrison's protest in Washington was not, as in the case of Whitehall's opposition to the advance to the Yalu river, timidly diplomatic, but completely unambiguous. Mr. Truman's decision was no doubt made easier by the fact that MacArthur had finally been disloyal to the Pentagon; formerly he had merely flouted the State Department, the United Nations, the Governments of the countries fighting with him in Korea and the President of the United States himself. The State Department might put up with MacArthur's disobedience to directives and his habit of choosing moments of particular delicacy or importance in peace discussions to make statements of personal policy that were bound to wreck them. The military chiefs were less tolerant.

Perhaps the decisive factor was the General's continuous demand, made through numerous official and unofficial spokesmen in Washington and in Tokio, to be permitted to bomb the "privileged sanctuary of Manchuria." Even those Americans who advocated the extension of the war to the Chinese mainland must have been aware that to bomb Manchuria would be to compel the Soviet Union to give support in the air to its ally in Peking; in that event the "privileged sanctuary" of Tokio and other American military bases in the Far East would also go up in flames. To judge from his broadcast speech on Wednesday night, it is clear that Mr. Truman fully realised that MacArthur's threat to bomb and invade the Chinese mainland from Formosa would almost inevitably begin a world war, which would be regarded as both wicked and unnecessary not only by "intellectuals," "anti-Americans" and "fellow-travellers," but also by the mass of politically conscious people of many political persuasions on both sides of the Atlantic.

The political consequences of sacking MacArthur are at present unpredictable. President Truman must have felt on strong ground, or must have been stung beyond endurance, before taking an action which he knew would greatly add to his political difficulties. He may comfort himself by the knowledge that it will also increase his popularity among the millions of American citizens who have never been persuaded by their newspapers to feel any liking for the grandiose and arrogant pro-consul in the Far East. He must also be aware that America's position as the leader of the United Nations was at stake, since MacArthur's declarations about rearming Japan and "liberating Asia from Communism" gave the impression that America was not acting as the instrument of U.N. policy, but using it to further the aims of American imperialists. As long as General MacArthur was there, Mr. Acheson had no convincing reply to anti-American propaganda all over the world. Most important of all, Mr. Truman knew that Britain and an important part of the Commonwealth would not stand for MacArthurism. British public opinion, voiced decisively in the House of Commons, had propelled Mr. Attlee to Washington last December. Since then, the anxieties expressed from the first in this and a few other journals have been taken up generally in the press. Mr. Morrison, at the very outset of his career as Foreign Secretary, has been in a position to tell Washington that the British people and the British Government would not allow our soldiers to be used for a further unlimited military campaign north of the 38th Parallel, and that we adhered to our policy of recognising the actual Government of China, of working for its acceptance as a member of the United Nations, and of returning to it the island of Formosa, which legally belongs to China and whose occupation by the defeated rump of the Kuomintang army, equipped and backed by the United States, is a continuing threat to peace in the Far East.

Surveying these facts, Mr. Truman must feel that he has done a good day's work, that he has at least postponed world war, removed a potent weapon of political warfare from the hands of the Communists, saved the United Nations from disruption and prevented a grave and perhaps lasting split between America and Britain. His thoughts must next turn to the possibilities of peace in the Far East. With MacArthur gone, few people will see any case for Mr. Dulles' purely Western treaty with Japan. Mr. Morrison is believed to be urging, with obvious common sense, that the Chinese should be given an opportunity of taking part in the peace settlement: they were, after all, the principal victims of Japan's aggression. Those who have consistently struggled against MacArthurism here must not fall into the easy assumption that his withdrawal means the collapse of the "China Lobby" in Washington, or implies that it will be easy to make peace in Korea. If his friends so choose, General MacArthur can now become the central figure in a political dispute which may poison and convulse American politics.

Meanwhile, General Ridgway, an efficient, non-political general with a reputation for believing that victory comes through killing the largest possible number of the enemy, is fighting a stubborn campaign which moves slowly in spite of the fact that he has a great air force at his disposal while the Chinese and North Koreans have virtually done. The devastation of Korea, and the disproportionate casualties on the Chinese side, may pre-dispose Mao Tse-tung to a cease-fire in Korea once he is assured that China is not to be invaded from Formosa. If China was prepared to consider discussion of peace terms in December, when India was the chief mediator and China was at the height of her military success in Korea, there seems more chance for truce negotiations amidst the slaughter to-day. But we must emphasize, as we have from the day in June when the Korean war began, that the American "protection" of Formosa makes peace between China and America impossible. In any case, the Chinese Communists are in a revolutionary and expansive phase; it will not be easy to persuade them to accept a reasonable settlement.

Peking is bound to attempt to complete its revolution. It can no more afford to have an enemy stronghold in Formosa than, say, the American rebels in the 18th century could have neglected an invading army of Loyalists and British mercenaries on Long Island. If Mr. Truman is prepared for a second courageous step in bringing the world towards peace, he can remind the Pentagon that, in January, 1950, Mr. Acheson's political statement that Formosa belonged to China was supported by official military hand-outs that Formosa was not of vital strategic importance to the United States. It would seem once again possible for the Foreign Secretaries of America, Britain, the Commonwealth and other, in this respect, like-minded countries to put forward a constructive policy for peace in the Far East which would be backed by the United Nations and which could stand a reasonable hope of being accepted by Communist China.

London Diary

WEDNESDAY, April 11, was one of those sudden days that seem ordinary when you wake but by nightfall have jumped into the history-books. I had scarcely got used to the fact that the sun was shining when the wireless told me that General MacArthur had gone. As if that were not enough for one day, the Stone turned up at Arbroath Abbey on a stretcher, bandaged with the St. Andrew's Flag but apparently undamaged, and Aneurin Bevan once again decided not to resign.

It was, of course, the Bevan story with all its personalities and ramifications that provided the best opportunity for political detectives. A lot of people must have been scribbling details in their diaries for those volumes of memoirs by which historical reputations are so often made and lost. At this stage all that one can fairly and safely say is that Mr. Attlee, admirable chairman and astute politician that he is, has been unable to prevent his Cabinet becoming polarised into Right and Left since the withdrawal of Stafford Cripps and Ernest Bevin from the stage. It was unfortunate that the crisis arose when the Prime Minister was himself in hospital. In brief, what has occurred is a sharp division in the Cabinet between the Morrisonians and the Bevanites which has been for the time, at least, amicably patched up. If Aneurin Bevan had sustained his threat to resign, he would have carried a number of influential political figures with him, including, to most people's surprise, Harold Wilson. Harold Wilson is one of the younger members of the Ministry; he has been outpaced by Gaitskell and he feels, no doubt, that his more constructive ideas have been passed over and that his future and his sympathies lie with the more progressive part of the Government. Maybe the crisis has done no harm. In the event, both sides seemed to have shown much common sense. They live

to fight as a united party at another election which, barring some quite unforeseen accident, is now postponed at least until the autumn. Political meteorologists would say that the party fortunes are following the same trend as the weather. Spring is not yet here, but there is some sunshine and a prospect of slow improvement—with bright intervals.

* * *

Where have all the German air aces, designers and master-technicians gone to during this period of German winter? There were stories in 1945 of a hard core of Nazi resisters planning to rebuild German air power abroad. Wing-Commander Asher Lee, who is certainly well-informed on this subject, now sends me details which suggest that this threat may not have been mere talk and swagger. Two years ago, for instance, Kurt Tank, designer of the Focke-Wulf 200, the German plane that played such an important role in the Battle of the Atlantic, openly arrived in the Argentine in order to build aircraft and to join General Galland, former chief of Göring's fighter units. Tank, I'm told, now has control of a large aircraft plant at Cordoba employing several thousand workers. Those who are sceptical of Peron's claims to be making atom bombs are more impressed by his account of the Pulqui jet fighter, which is said to be the first Tank post-war product. Associated in similar work are a number of well-known German airmen, Colonel Ritter, Colonel Rudel, and Dr. Tellman, a famous Wehrmacht scientist who was reported in February, 1950, by the *Daily Mail* to have escaped from the Soviet Union, where for five years he had been offering his specialised knowledge of rockets and jet propulsion. Mr. Asher Lee has a number of other examples of well-known German air experts who are at work in the Soviet Zone, some of whom have skipped back to the American and British Zones with accounts of the progress in the fields of rocket and jet aircraft. Some recent accounts from refugees from the Soviet Zone of Germany show that the experimental centre at Peenemunde has been rebuilt and enlarged by the Russians and that the staff is still mainly composed of Germans. He adds, however, that the real "Mecca for ex-Luftwaffe personnel" is the Argentine.

* * *

Those of us who supported the Palestine Jews in their struggle for independence always realised the danger that Zionism might generate an aggressive nationalism. The real crime of Mr. Bevin was that he compelled the Israeli to establish their State, not in peaceful collaboration with Britain, but through a war with the Arabs; and its frontiers were then enlarged by a series of campaigns skilfully timed to avoid action by the U.N. truce authorities. This gave the Jewish leaders the conviction that survival in a hostile world depends on shrewd policy combined with strong-arm methods. But will Mr. Ben Gurion's latest decision to take the law into his own hands really help Israel? Apparently he has staged a bombing raid against a Syrian village as a reprisal for the murder of eight Israeli policemen, and followed this up by stating that whatever the U.N. may decide about the original cause of the dispute, Israel will not change her policy. This seems to me specially wrong-headed for two reasons. In the first place, Israel's whole existence depends on the United Nations, and both this new State and the Jews outside stand to gain more by strict adherence to the rule of law than any other people. In the second place, strong-arm methods of this sort will scare off any of Israel's neighbours who were considering making peace with her and rally all the moderate Arabs behind the extreme Nationalists who are still determined to destroy her.

* * *

As for the dispute itself, Dick Crossman tells me that he happened to be on the spot on the day when the cause of the trouble began. In the far north of the country just below Dan, and with snow-capped Hermon towering over it, lies the Huleh Lake far below sea level. Before the Jews came, it was a terrible malarial swamp through which the Jordan passes on its way south to the Sea of Galilee. Jewish settlers after many years of struggle have dealt with the malaria, and the Jewish Government now plans to drain the whole swamp, leaving only a few tidy carp ponds where the Lake now is, and for this purpose their engineers have decided to change the level of the Jordan, which is here the frontier with Syria. Last January, Crossman watched a bulldozer cutting the first sod by the bridge which is the Syrian frontier, while Syrian women and children from the other side collected the brushwood which was being cleared. At that time, what impressed him was the contrast between the friendliness of this easy-going open frontier and the tension farther south between Israel and Jordan. Soon after his visit, the Syrian Government laid an objection with the Armistice Commission against the whole plan on the ground that it was taking place in a demilitarised zone where no changes were permitted, and involved diverting the Lake and the level for exclusively Israeli purposes. Within a day or two, friendliness changed to hostility, and the Jewish bulldozers had to be armed and guarded by the Army. Then the trouble spread to the Israeli-Syrian frontier south of the Lake of Galilee, and it is here that eight Israeli policemen were murdered and the reprisal bombing took place. Crossman observes that the proper use of the Jordan waters would enormously benefit four countries, Lebanon, Syria, Jordan and Israel. What is needed is a common policy which not only gives fair shares to all four countries (Israel claims that her scheme does benefit her Syrian neighbours), but makes them all feel that the scheme is fair. But that depends on establishing peace.

* * *

I asked Mr. Park why it was that the grass in nearby fields had almost disappeared under a rash of mole hills. He said it was the same as everything else. People nowadays didn't take enough trouble to keep down the moles, and anyway, when the ground was so wet, moles were hard to catch because they went through the ground easily and dug under the traps. . . . Intelligent creatures with good noses, even if blind. More intelligent certainly than frogs. Mr. Park asked me if I had ever seen so many frogs squashed on the roads. "There's one spot where if I've seen one dead frog, I have seen two hundred," he said. With the road always under water how is the frog to know where he will get flattened by passing cars, and which pond is safe for frogs? Worse than Becher's Brook.

* * *

From these biological topics we moved on naturally to the weather, agreeing that it was hard to lose both last year's summer and this year's spring. No, Mr. Park could remember nothing quite like it. The tractors could not get on to the land, which at least showed the advantage of horses. No spring wheat was sown. It was too late for wheat now anyway, and in a fortnight's time it would be too late to sow even barley, with any prospect of a proper crop. We were standing in the mud and the sun was shining. It was a bright interval, in which it was possible to notice that the primulas were doing well by the water, that the daffodils were undersized, as you would expect, and that the early plum buds were fat. "Of course," said Mr. Park, "the weather was funny earlier on, but it is seasonable now." "Seasonable?" I said. "Yes," said Mr. Park, pointing to the plum buds, "that's the cause of all this sleet and hail now. We always get this kind of weather when the blackthorn comes. We call it the blackthorn winter. When I was young, every year the wintry weather would begin to come to an end about the middle of February; you would be able to get on to the land. Towards the end of March you'd get gales and cold and flurries of snow. That is what this is. The blackthorn winter. It is seasonable enough." At that we both put up our coat collars and ran for shelter. It was thundering and the rain came down in icy sheets, every now and again turning to hail: cold bullets hit one behind the ear. "Let's talk again later," I said to Mr. Park, "on a less seasonable day. The blackthorn isn't out yet."

CRITIC

BLOODY, BUT UNBOWED

Whenever you come to Britain this year you'll sense a gala spirit in the air . . . in every corner of the land Britain will celebrate with festivals and fêtes, fairs and exhibitions.—*Festival Advertisement in the* NEW YORKER.

Festival year will be one to remember,
Census and Budget find Britain *en fête;*
Festival shows are from May to September,
But public rejoicing already is great.

Nation-wide census reactions were cheering—
Flocks have been numbered with ritual antique,
Now the Exchequer proceeds to sheep-shearing,
Merry blood-sacrifice marks Budget Week.

Income-tax rises, but no one will grudge it,
Mopping up spending-power causes delight;
Gaitskell puts teeth in the Festival Budget—
No dentures are needed with little to bite.

Festival shortages cause jubilation,
Workers put heart in the Festival strike,
Shareholders welcome increase in taxation,
Rich, poor and middle class all soaked alike.

Carnivals, bonfires and torchlight processions,
Taxpayers' rallies are something to see!
Citizens joyfully pawn their possessions,
Britain's all out on a Festival spree.

Festival year is the national playtime!
All Gas and Gaitskell in country and town!
Britain is going all out for a gay time—
Even the Festival can't get her down.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

It had always been a strong point in favour of the sport that the powers that be and the Church had regarded marksmanship as the insignia of a sober and upright life; good shots were above suspicion.—*Eastbourne Gazette.* (J. W. Banks.)

"People," he commented, "don't hang from their bedroom windows late at night, screaming for some considerable time, because they cannot have relations with their wives." He thought it had been proved that this was what Mr. W— had done.—*News of the World.* (Miss Georgina Adams.)

——, of North Street, Bedminster, was objecting to all forms of military service as a member of the Plymouth Brethren.

"If you do not object to working in a butcher's shop, you cannot object to working as a nursing orderly, can you?" asked the judge.—*Bristol Evening World.* (D. K. Rowat.)

A South Devon hotel brochure announces: "Guests dogs are charged 1s. or 1s. 6d. per day according to size and social standing.—*Daily Express.* (Mr. J. Holder.)

The Protectors of Property

SOAMES FORSYTE would surely have appreciated Willenhall. This friendly town of grubby red brick—factories, old and new, packed tight in its maze of winding streets—is more than just one segment of the grimy conurbation that sprawls over the spoiled and ravished earth of the Black Country: it has a character of its own. Some 5,000 of its adult citizens, 3,000 men and 2,000 women, have consecrated their lives to the protection of property; here, and nearby, they make Britain's latches, locks and keys.

Once the locksmith was *par excellence* a handcraftsman, with a history stretching back to the Pharaohs; and when the smelting of ore moved from Sussex to the Midlands, the early locksmiths of Willenhall had to make plates for their lock-casings by hammering black iron bars on the anvil and cutting them to shape. In 1790, fly-presses were introduced to clip and pierce the lock-plates, and in 1806 keys began to be produced by drop-forging; but throughout most of the nineteenth century the bulk of Willenhall's locks were turned out in small backyard workshops. In these family concerns the wife did the japanning—the baking being done, turn and turn about with bread and joints, in the kitchen oven—and the product was sold to travelling packmen who came and chaffered at the door. To-day, the single-handed backyard producer has vanished from the scene. Of the 60 lock-making firms in Willenhall, many are small enterprises with less than 100 employees; and there are still some tiny firms employing, say, a dozen hands in cramped, century-old shops. Even these use power; but their machine-tools represent the technique of fifty years ago, and at least two-thirds of Willenhall's output now comes from three or four large concerns. Yet Willenhall wears its mass-production with a difference. Paradoxically, it is for the cheapest everyday locks that the most costly machines are required to ensure quick, economical assembly by unskilled labour; the finishing and adjustment of the high-quality locks still needs a craftsman's skill.

In the cramped market place of Willenhall the visitor looks in vain for statues of the men who pioneered the local industry in its modern form—Barron, Bramah, Jeremiah Chubb and Linus Yale. They merit record. Until 1778, when Barron thought out the principle of a lock in which two "tumblers"—obstructions in the lock which "dog" the movement of the bolt—had to be raised to an exact height, locksmiths had relied, for security, on "wards", the projections from the keyhole-casing which impede the turning of any key whose "bit" is not appropriately grooved. Medieval examples of complicated chest-locks—usually an elaborate series of interconnected latches—illustrate early refinements of the "ward" principle; but, no matter how complex the wards, the burglar could always defeat the locksmith by a skeleton key. An impression of the wards was easily taken by a "blank" with a composition of wax and soft soap stuck on one side of the "bit," which was then cut so as to avoid the wards.

It was in the period when the marauding veterans of Wellington's armies became a menace to society that Jeremiah Chubb invented the first modern lever-tumbler lock. His "Detector Lever", patented in 1818, had six tumblers with a pivoted action; and the whole mechanism was put out of gear by a spring if one tumbler was lifted too high by the use of a pick-lock or an alien key fabricated, with less than mathematical precision, from a criminally intended moulding. Only the correct key could then rectify the mechanism by giving it a fresh locking twist. This patent was a landmark. Chubb issued challenges; and, in 1832, Thomas Hart, a Wolverhampton locksmith, tried his picking skill in a test (solemnly announced by the town crier) in a local inn-yard. He failed, and so, it is said, did some of the cleverest felons whose art was tested in a prison hulk at Spithead.

The next milestone was the invention in 1848 of the pin-tumbler lock in the U.S., by Linus Yale. He had had a forerunner in 1784, when Bramah devised a cylindrical lock whose bolt was moved by a rotating barrel—its movement being blocked by "sliders" whose notches fitted the shape of a cylindrical key. What Yale did was to apply to cylindrical locks a principle as old as the Pharaohs—movable pins actuated by a flat, notched key. And here, apart from later refinements, the history of household locks ends. The keyless "combination" lock, with its four tumbler-wheels actuated by a setting dial providing for 100m. possible changes, began to be produced in 1865 by James Sargent of Rochester, N.Y.; but this was essentially a gadget for Soames Forsyte's banker, not his house.

As mass-production of latches and locks developed, the single-handed producer, one might have thought, should logically have turned, like his opposite number in boot-making, to the highest grade "scientific" article. But for this purpose he lacked the capital to buy machine-tools which could compete with Chubb's; and, as far as everyday locks are concerned, he could not stand up against the economical methods of rationalised repetition work and the conveyor belt. For the small firms still existing to-day there may always be a place: they are well fitted to tackle minor replacement jobs—*e.g.*, for hotels requiring new locks of a special size for which it would not be worth while to re-tool in a mass-production factory. But the little men, whose customers are mostly Birmingham factors, are "weak sellers", and they are confronted to-day with shortages of raw materials and castings—sometimes involving a serious addition to finishing costs—with which the big firms are better able to cope. Pass from the little workshop, with perhaps one pillar-press and a couple of lathes, to, say, the Josiah Parkes works where, in a modern layout, a multiplicity of almost human machines are turning out with marvellous precision the components of lever and pin-tumbler locks—mortise locks, rim locks, latches and dead-locks, luggage-locks and padlocks, large and small: against this mechanised efficiency the prospects for the small enterprises look dim—though their products are often of first-rate workmanship.

Here and in the neighbouring factories, Yale's and Tonks', there is production in profusion—organised from brass foundry to final glossy finish—of all that a man of property needs to guard his household goods. It is not, of course, claimed that everyday locks are proof against the scientific, leisured burglar. In and around Willenhall I learned something of techniques which it would be unbecoming to describe in these columns; and, given enough time and reasonable accessibility of the lock, a first-rate cracksman can probably circumvent any pin-tumbler lock and any lever lock not fitted with special anti-picking devices. For ordinary purposes, however, a (necessarily expensive) fool-proof lock is, in a sense, a luxury: the jewel case or the wooden door can be only too easily cut through without bothering about the lock; and the keys of mass-produced pin-tumbler locks allow for at least 60,000 variations.

In search of real "security," the visitor to Willenhall must go a couple of miles towards Wolverhampton. There, no longer housed in their five-storey nineteenth-century red fortress, but in a less symbolic, more efficient modern, single-storey factory. Chubb's challenge the enemies of concentrated wealth. These include both the cracksman and fire. In one section of the plant you can watch the assembly of fire-proof cabinets, their double skins of thin sheet steel interlined with the mixture of concrete and diatomaceous earth which has taken the place of the old-fashioned compound of sawdust and Epsom-salt. These, of course, would be child's play to a burglar with oxy-acetylene equipment. Against his depredations are the huge safes and strong-rooms assembled in another bay—immensely thick steel plates, welded and interlined with special blow-pipe-resistant alloys; doors with double bolts at opening and hinges; a whole complex of locks, "combinations" and levers difficult of access, fortified by internal devices which jam the whole mechanism if heat is applied with felonious intent. Here, since the war, was made the impregnable strong-room for the Crown Jewels of the Shah; here, in the making, are safe-deposit lockers and the ingenious night safes for banks into which shop-keepers can pop their after-hours takings. And here, in the production of "security" locks—the components sometimes hand-cut, sometimes shaped and pierced by machines—the descendants of the old locksmiths follow a calling which is half industry, half craft. In the Willenhall factories young workers are anxious, as a rule, to become machine-setters or tool-makers rather than locksmiths; but, in Chubb's, the tradition of craftsman's pride is still strong.

Up to a point, this craftsmanship is rationalised on factory lines: even for their high-quality locks, with "individual" keys, Chubb's naturally aim at "runs" of several thousands. But, with money in your purse, you can command special jobs such as that commissioned, not long ago, by an Indian Maharajah who wanted several score of perfect padlocks, adapted in size for jewel case, zenana and elephant cage, and all operated by a master key so small that it could be carried inside a signet ring. Even the standard locks now made in this factory would delight the ghost of Jeremiah Chubb. Apart from such commonplace devices as the "barrel and curtain" which closes the key-

hole against malefactors, there are many modern refinements to make harder the way of the transgressor. Does he "borrow" your key and file a fraction off the bit, so that the short-travel of the bolt prevents all the levers from falling? In that case, he can be circumvented by the "tail" fitted to the Monitor-Lever locks, which stops the withdrawal of the key and thus gives warning that all is not well. Then there are double-acting locks for which a second key is needed, either to make the first work or to give an added throw to the bolt; there are cylindrical locks actuated, not by pin-tumblers, but by a beautifully adjusted lever mechanism; and, a further product of ingenuity, there are the change-key locks for safe deposits. These have adjustable levers which can be set to any selective key of its class. You rent a box and get a new key: the old key which the previous tenant has supposedly returned, but of which he may have made an impression, will no longer work. And finally, there are the keyless "combination" locks. In their case readers of detective fiction are doomed to disillusionment. One has read of the "click" of tumblers perceptible to a stethoscope or ultra-sensitive fingers. Alas for the followers of Raffles, the tumblers in these locks turn silently on a bearing, being driven by a cam fastened in a spindle which is actuated through gear mechanism by the dial: there is no "click" for the most sensitive ear. Soames Forsyte, I fancy, would have been glad to know that.

AYLMER VALLANCE

Franco in Retreat

[We publish below some extracts from the notebook of an Englishman in Barcelona. He describes the tramway boycott, which began on March 1 in protest against higher fares, and the General Strike which followed on March 12.]

. . . For five days not a soul in the city has ridden on a tram, not even priests or civil servants. "We came out of the football stadium, thousands of us," said Pedro, my favourite café waiter. "It was pouring with rain. The trams went by very slowly, inviting us to get in—empty, except for the armed guards. We trudged along in the rain, and not a single person got in. Do you know, we felt a sort of joy doing it, we felt like real men." Again and again one hears this kind of phrase. "It is twelve years since we last did anything," says Dr. ——. "You cannot imagine the feeling of physical relief." Domingo, an undergraduate, reacts like a young man of 1848. "I had thought the spirit had gone out of the people: now I have found my belief in the people again." No doubt such feelings are strongest among the middle-class opposition; they have lived so long in a series of ivory towers, in which, at best, Sardanas are danced to keep up the national spirit, and Ezra Pound is surreptitiously translated into Catalan. Yet the feeling of half-incredulous pride, the conscious flexing of rediscovered moral muscles, is common to all. The tramway boycott broke that crust of passivity and *attentisme* which (with the lack of effective illegal organisations) is Franco's greatest asset to-day. . . .

In a way it is the story of the sorcerer's apprentice. There seems no doubt that the boycott was organised (through the students) with the connivance of some of the authorities and the active support of part of the disgruntled Falangists. Don Miguel, a small exporter, reports that the first news of the boycott came to him three days before the students' leaflets. His daughter Monserrat, who goes to political classes at the Falangist social welfare organisation, told her family that her instructress wanted the word passed round: on March 1 nobody gets into a tram. "We found it hard to believe," he says. Certainly there were divisions between the authorities. Bautista Sanchez, the military commander, flatly refused to bring out his troops: even army officers suffer from the rocketing cost of living unless they are racketeers.

There seems to have been a combination of three factors—the universal disgust of all Spaniards, Francoists included (except those in the racket) with the present state of affairs; a row between the politicians who see that the facts of Spanish hunger must be recognised, if only for demagogic purposes, and the simple diehards; the usual factional struggles between the racketeers themselves. Plenty of people have been gunning for Baeza, the late Governor, quite apart from the desperate Barcelonese. Not all his devotion to his native Virgin of Pilar has offset an indiscreetly advertised private life in the eyes of the Church; and the Falange still resents the loss of a post which used to be its own. But in Spain to-day there is no playing with mass movements. The boycott turned into a unique demonstration of collective strength, a refresher course in democracy. It was successful: fares have not been raised. Within a week it produced its logical result in the General Strike. . . .

Who organised that? It is almost impossible to find out. The slogan "Strike!" apparently began to be heard about three days before the outbreak, partly underground (though illegal organisation in the factories is pitifully weak), partly in the official "vertical syndicates." In fact, under rank-and-file pressure, the official works' delegates have, in the past few months, been forced into the unusual position of voicing the workers' discontent. Quite certainly, in contrast to the tramway boycott, there was no semi-official instigation. In the atmosphere of the first half of March practically no organisation was needed to bring the men out, though there were signs of planning in some big works. "They clocked in as usual," a textile executive tells me, "and then, to our amazement, walked out again and started to stop the trucks on the street." More often, things happened less systematically. Joaquin, a turner in a small engineering shop, says, "The word had gone round that something was going to happen on Monday, most people said a strike. We start work at six, not at eight like most others, so we went in as usual. About nine the boss came in and told us there must be a strike, as he had seen the workers standing in crowds outside the factories on his way here. We didn't believe him, but half an hour later a truck driver told us the same, so of course we all came out." Many of the smaller works and shops joined the strike in this way—half-opening their shutters that morning, ready to shut them again as soon as it was clear that the movement was general. Hence the speed with which it spread. Between eight and half-past ten the town was shut down, and pickets stopped cars and trucks. (They seem to have formed quite spontaneously.) Everyone had been waiting . . .

Great mass movements are usually accompanied by outbursts of speech and print—meetings, leaflets, posters, papers. It is an odd and rather eerie experience to meet one which has no public voices. There has been some chalking on the walls, and the students' leaflet, distributed on the chain-letter system. That is about all. Very little about the movement is therefore well-lit and precise, except the field-grey teams of the armed police, whose rifles or sub-machine guns have been sticking out like bristles every hundred-odd yards in the town-centre, and by the factory gates, for at least a week after the strike. There is only rumour and personal contact—grotesquely inadequate equipment, one would think, with which to organize a general stoppage in a great city. Yet in the close-packed, explosive atmosphere of universal discontent even the most primitive forms of organisation are uncannily effective. For instance, after the stoppage, the word ran everywhere: "If the strike days are not paid for, we shall come out again." (I have had it from a French engineer, a railwayman, an immigrant Murcian carpenter.) Consequently the authorities quietly dropped their original order forbidding such payment, and the companion order to sack all those arrested during the troubles. Rumour says there were upwards of 3,000 arrests, including 600 women, which is not unlikely, since the outlying textile factories stuck it out longest. For the rest, 300,000 have gone back as they came out, solid and unbroken . . .

One refrains from asking strikers what they came out for. From hunger, everyone knows that. One has but to see how much can be bought in the Bocqueria Market for the 16-17 Ptas. a day of the labourer, the 25 or so of the semi-skilled man, or even the 50 a day which my friend Juan, a compositor, takes home after several hours of overtime. In almost spontaneous movements such as this it is foolish to expect precise demands to be formulated. The workers demonstrated, in different places, for different versions of the same thing: lower prices, higher wages, an end to the rackets in the food administration about which the press is now beginning to print a few tentative sentences—another victory for the strike. Perhaps the nearest thing to a common demand was the call for the dismissal of the Governor, which may still be seen on walls and railway sidings. (In Spain to-day even the most old-fashioned hunger-riot inevitably turns against the State.) Baeza went; but the walls still tell what the Barcelonese are thinking. Behind the market a crude slogan has been chalked up: *Viva La Huelga!* It will not be the last one . . . .

Franco has lost immensely in prestige, but has bought time by an almost complete retreat. Whether he can do anything with it, is another question. So long as the movement in Catalonia is isolated, and substantially unorganised, he may survive it; the events of March are not so easily repeated. On the other hand, the chances of an effective attack on the regime to-day no longer seem bound up with foreign intervention. Its internal disintegration in the past year provides new openings—and not only in Catalonia. Barcelona may be only a beginning.

So They Say . . .

ALTHOUGH some of the more lurid Budget forecasts were not fulfilled, the Press was fortunately presented with a sensational headline topic for Wednesday morning's papers. BEVAN CHALLENGES BUDGET—RESIGNATION RUMOURS, stated the *News Chronicle*. BEVAN SEES ATTLEE, announced the *Daily Express* in its biggest type, and on an inside page it printed, beside a ghoulish cartoon of Mr. Bevan shrinking fearfully from a monstrous skull perched on his desk, its gaping jaws labelled "Way Out," an article entitled BEVAN—MOUSE OR MARTYR?

This suggested that Mr. Bevan may have planned his Bermondsey ultimatum "coldly and in advance," in order to "get out now and be next leader instead of Fiddler Number Three." The *Daily Telegraph's* Peterborough, however, spoke for the majority in suggesting that Mr. Bevan "may choose—not for the first time—to forgive

himself for what . . . will still be generally regarded as an indiscretion."

As for the Budget itself, the "salient" points were picked and chosen in the usual way.

At the Despatch Box

Daily Express:—Mr. Gaitskell introduces a Tory Budget. . . .

Daily Herald:—It would have been a very different story if a Tory Chancellor had been introducing this Budget. . . .

In the Home

Daily Herald: BUDGET HELPS THE FAMILY.

News Chronicle: GAITSKELL TOUCHES EVERY FAMILY.

Daily Mirror: TAX OFF MANY HOME GOODS.

Daily Graphic: MOST HOMES WILL FEEL THE SQUEEZE.

In the Board Room

Daily Telegraph: The most controversial item in the whole Budget . . . is the swingeing increase in the tax on distributed profits. . . .

Daily Express: The increased tax on company profits is steep. But there will be little occasion for sobbing . . . profits have been running at good high rates for some years past. . . .

The Black and the White

Daily Graphic: NOTHING TO HALT SOARING LIVING COSTS, SAY M.P.S—IT'S BLEAK PROSPECT AT HOME—DEARER PETROL LIKELY TO SEND BUS FARES UP AGAIN—DEATH BLOW TO LITTLE MOTORISTS—NEW PRICES HIT SMALLER CINEMAS—DISAPPOINTMENT FOR PENSIONERS—DEAD END BUDGET.

Daily Herald: MILLIONS ESCAPE TAX RISE—3,000,000 OLD FOLK TO BENEFIT—£3,500,000 CUT FROM TAX ON HOME GOODS—HUSBANDS WILL GET A BONUS—BURDEN OFF THE KITCHEN—BUDGET IS HONEST, NOT TOO TOUGH.

Parliamentary Pantomime?

Daily Mail: Mr. Gaitskell had to set about his task like Old Mother Hubbard. . . the national cupboard was nearly bare. . . .

Daily Graphic: The Chancellor's speech carried the plain warning that Britain had come to the end of the Robin Hood road. . . .

AUTOLYCUS

God's Executives

SINCE 1945, Dr. Buchman has registered some remarkable successes. The climate of the Schuman Plan, for instance, was created at Caux, his Swiss headquarters. Does not M. Schuman believe that "Moral Rearmament will implement the Marshall Plan and the Atlantic Pact"? And are not Dr. Adenauer and a formidable list of German politicians ardent Groupers? A supranational Authority run by "changed" leaders is a typical Buchmanite solution of Europe's problems. In America, too, M.R.A. is still a force. Ever since 1930, its political lobby has been strong enough to compel support from President Hoover, President Roosevelt and President Truman. In the Far East, it can number Mr. Jinnah, Mr. Gandhi, Chiang Kai-shek and many leading Japanese politicians among its sympathisers, as well as Aung San, the Burmese Nationalist leader, and the present Prime Minister, Thakin Nu. From West Africa comes the news that Mr. Zik, the militant leader of Nigerian nationalism, was converted on his way through London to the Prague meeting of the Partisans of Peace, and is now a (partly) "changed" man. And, to come nearer home, it is fairly certain that Buchmanite evangelism in the London docks has been an effective antidote to Communist militancy. Even if we assume quite a lot of exaggeration in *The World Rebuilt**, Mr. Howard can fairly claim that very many very influential people have been "changed" in a very short time.

But what difference does the Change, which so thrills the individual convert, make to the world around him? On this point Mr. Howard has no doubts. In the Ruhr, he tells us, M.R.A., by transforming the individual relationship of employer and shop steward, and "changing" scores of Marxist leaders, has rendered superfluous any legal enforcement of workers' participation in management. In our own Midlands, M.R.A. training courses for shop stewards have resulted in "a complete absence of strikes." The Chief Convener at Ford's Dagenham works sums it up concisely:

> Moral Rearmament is giving the spirit that brings co-operation between the management and men, and then extra production comes automatically. Increase in pay arises from the increase in production.

It is as simple as that. Increased output, decreased Labour troubles, "the safeguarding of the nation's factories, docks and mines against systematic attempts at infiltration," these are only a few of the material benefits which result automatically from accepting "the ideology of inspired democracy." "Change" the leaders, says Dr. Buchman, and every social and political problem solves itself.

It is silly to deny that M.R.A. can do good. In public, just as in private life, personal relationships matter. If Mr. Maurice Webb and Señor Peron were both Groupers, we might not be suffering an eightpenny meat ration: if Stalin were converted to Mr. Truman's belief in Inspired Democracy, the Deputies in Paris might receive guidance to agree an agenda. Wars and class wars have been precipitated—and, even more often, prolonged—by personal bitterness in high places. They have also on occasion been resolved by a change of heart. No doubt this is the reason why Mr. Gandhi described M.R.A. as "the best thing which has come out of the West." He welcomed it as a tardy European recognition of spiritual force as the supreme solvent of political and social conflict.

Why should any reasonable man remain suspicious of Dr. Buchman? Part of the answer is to be found in Mr. Eister's painstaking study.† Despite its facetious and misleading title, *Drawing-Room Conversion* is the first sociological examination of the Oxford Group, a sober attempt to classify it as a religious phenomenon among the multiplicity of evangelical cults and sects. This detached but sympathetic history of the movement up to the end of the war provides the essential background for any critique of Mr. Howard's account of the last six years. It is an important book, of which the Oxford University Press should surely publish an English edition.

Mr. Eister's researches show the development of Buchmanism, not as a steady upward line, culminating in the present campaign, but as a remarkable cycle of boom and bust. The first phase, which lasted from 1906 till 1926, was devoted to "Soul Surgery," old-fashioned evangelism embellished with one or two psychoanalytical novelties and practised mainly among University students. As the result of the Soul Surgeon's operations on the spiritually (and sexually) sick, there was an official investigation at Princeton, and the President of the University ordered Dr. Buchman off the campus. So ended Phase I. During Phase II, the movement was re-named "The Oxford Group" in England, and, in the U.S.A., "The First Christian Fellowship." Individual Soul Surgery was dropped, group change developed; and Frank transferred his activities to Park Avenue and Park Lane. This was the era of the fashionable House Party—very public confessions of very private sins—but as yet without social significance.

Then came the world economic crisis, and with it the line switched again. For the first time Dr. Buchman launched a political movement, under the title "Rising Tide," and with the slogan "Change the Leaders." During the boom he had concentrated on Society; in the slump the objective was to capture the key men of politics and industry. Change them, he said, and prosperity will return. "National" movements were successfully established in the U.S.A., Britain, Holland, Scandinavia and, above all, Nazi Germany.

Mr. Howard tries to give the impression that Dr. Buchman was always staunchly anti-Nazi:

> The fact is that Buchman never met Hitler and Hitler was too cautious to get into Buchman's orbit. Nor was Buchman an intimate of Himmler or of any other member of the Nazi hierarchy.

If this is absolutely honest writing, it is certainly not absolutely candid. That Buchman never met Hitler and was not an *intimate* of Himmler is no doubt true. It is also true that Dr. Buchman stated in the 1930's:

> Social problems can be solved within a God-controlled democracy, or perhaps I should say theocracy, and they can be solved through a God-controlled fascist dictatorship.

He was quoted in a newspaper interview:

> I thank heaven for a man like Adolf Hitler, who built a front-line defence against the anti-Christ of Communism. . . . Of course I don't condone everything the Nazis do. . . . But think what it would mean to the world if Hitler surrendered to the control of God.

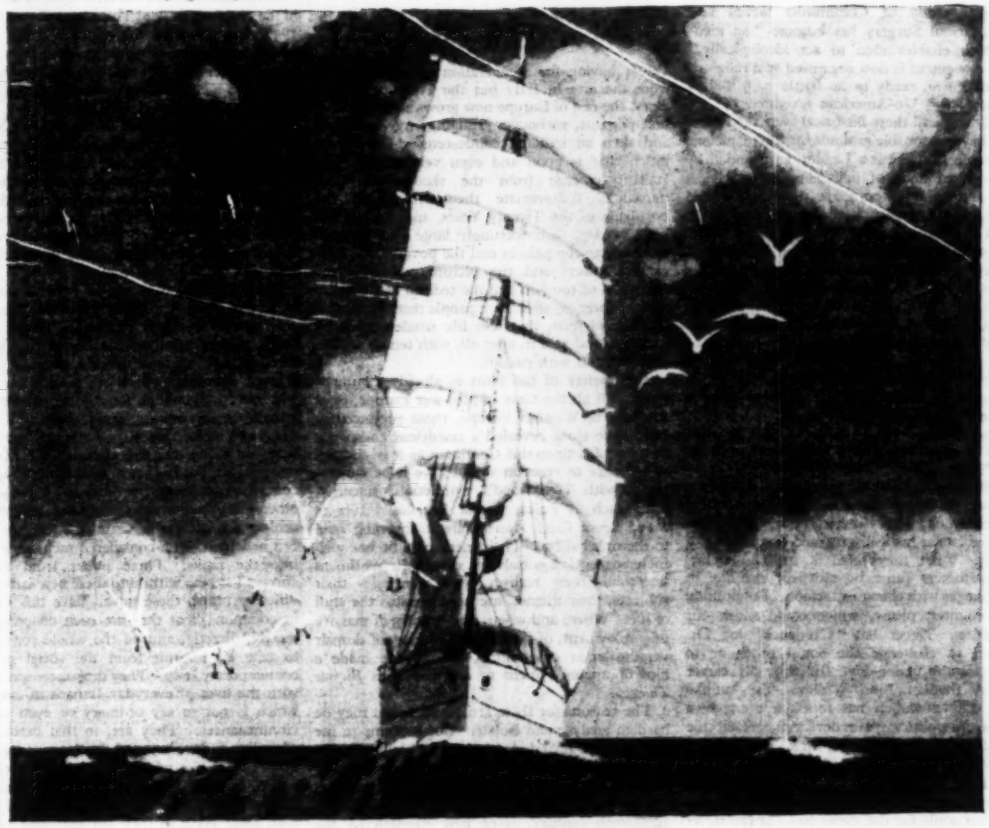
Mr. Howard should not be embarrassed to admit this. It was natural enough that an evangelical movement, in revolt against materialism and Marxism, and confident that every problem could be solved by "changed" leaders, should look hopefully at Nazi Germany and preach appeasement. When the war broke out, the leading English Life-changers went off to America to launch an isolationist "Battle for Peace." Guidance told them that, in the war against Nazi Germany, the U.S.A.'s role should be limited to Moral Rearmament. Mass meetings, with pageantry and spotlights, were held in all the main cities in an effort to gain "100,000,000 Listeners to God" by December 3rd, 1939. Dr. Buchman had come a long way from the Soul Surgery of the campus to the hypnotic demonstrations of Madison Square Gardens and the Hollywood Bowl.

Spiritual boom was followed by spiritual slump. After Dunkirk, the Battle for Peace collapsed sensationally; the American crusading spirit found a new outlet in "Bundles for Britain"; soon afterwards M.R.A. was expelled from its headquarters in a fashionable New York church. Undeterred, Dr. Buchman once again switched his line. By Pearl Harbour he was busy helping the American war effort by raising morale in the factories. It was in this phase that the new technique of elaborate dramatic performances (full-scale revues, written and produced by top-notch Hollywood men) was introduced. When peace came, the Buchmanites had shaken off the memories of appeasement and become the inspired shock-troops of the American way of life.

Here Mr. Eister's researches end. But we can already see yet another phase emerging, as the Cold War again makes anti-Communism completely orthodox. Before launching their new line, the Life-changers had obviously made

* *The World Rebuilt.* By Peter Howard. *Blandford Press.* 2s. 6d.

† *Drawing-Room Conversion.* By Allan W. Eister. *Duke University Press.* $3.50.



WHITE WINGS

THE dazzling white of full sails and seagulls' pinions as they catch the sun in high relief against the wine-dark water seems the ideal of whiteness. Yet it is illusory, and the purity of sails or feathers is far surpassed in the standards the public demands from the modern laundry. Laundering is a highly technical business, in which the research and service of the British chemist is of the first importance. The launderer has to consider the nature of the textile fibre in question, the fastness of the dye-stuff with which it is coloured and the character of the finishing agents with which it has been treated. He must, for example, not only remove every speck of dirt or sign of stain but also take precautions against the shrinking of wool, against silk's loss of sheen, and against the fading of the dyes. Dry-cleaning introduces another set of chemicals and its own range of problems. It is to the chemist that the launderer looks for help in purifying and softening his water supplies: in thoroughly wetting great masses of materials and in loosening and removing the dirt from them: and in providing an ever-increasing number of chemicals for determining the "feel", colour and appearance of textiles as well as their resistance to wear, grime, sunshine, rain or perspiration. Your launderer and dry-cleaner aim at returning a fabric or garment with all its qualities unimpaired. The British chemist contributes by making this aim a possibility.

ICI

the closest study of Communist tactics and methods. Soul Surgery has become "an ideology which enables men to act ideologically," and the movement is now organised as a religious anti-Cominform, ready to do battle with "alien ideologies" and Un-American activities.

Merely to recall these historical facts is to show that we have reasonable grounds for the suspicions which we feel. Here is a Leader, surrounded by a hand-picked body of lieutenants, who claims that he and his followers know the mind of God and are qualified for that reason to assume the political leadership of the Western world. The guidance, which they receive in their quiet times, is limited neither by democratic principle nor by religious dogma. M.R.A. is no longer a Christian movement: it includes changed Christians, changed Moslems, changed Buddhists. Nor is it party political; men of all parties get together at Caux. Despite their differences, they can all agree, because they regard rational argument as a sign of original sin. For the Grouper there is only one side to every case.

> Oxford Group "government" is entirely made up of "executives." We have no "legislative department" and no "judicial department."

The Grouper who wrote these words got nearer the truth than he intended. I see Dr. Buchman as the President of a great American Corporation and his lieutenants as his well-groomed executives and salesmen. What they offer is spiritual uplift. Since customers must be satisfied, the line of goods changes with changing fashion. But nothing on the counter, please, which could shock our shareholders. Never has "Guidance" led Dr. Buchman to challenge the social order or to crusade for the under-dog. In this, his career resembles that of John Wesley. But, unlike Wesley, Dr. Buchman has forsaken evangelism for pressure-politics. He does not preach the gospel to the poor and the weak, but sells an ideology to key men and people who matter. Through all his changes of political line he has been free-lancing on the side of the establishment, and saving souls for the *status quo*. It has never occurred to him that sometimes a strike ought to go on, even if it creates bitterness; that, just because he is a Grouper, it does not follow that Chiang Kai-shek should return to China, with Japanese assistance; that democracy consists not in reconciling the unprivileged with the privileged, but in fighting privilege itself. To take one example: he has been active in South Africa for thirty years, but he has never campaigned against the colour bar. Instead, as Mr. Howard naively reveals, he prefers, after showing his play, *The Forgotten Factor*, to the Whites to hold "other performances for Native audiences." To uphold the Christian principle of racial equality under Dr. Malan would produce sinful conflict, not guided reconciliation.

Dr. Buchman has brought happiness and usefulness to a great many lonely people. If there are lapses from the Group, the empty places are speedily filled by men and women who find release in the rediscovery of sin and freedom in the surrender of the individual will to a friendly Group. But to call this movement Inspired Democracy is absurd. M.R.A. is religion without dogma, politics without principles—flesh without bone. As such, its natural affinity is with dictatorship, not with democracy. When it "changes" Communists, it merely substitutes one set of clichés for another, and replaces intellectual subjection to the Kremlin by another type of surrender, less harmful only because it is more superficial. It is as well to remember that an anti-toxin is also a virus.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

The Arts in Italy

FROM having for a generation expected nothing from the arts in Italy but the evidence of past glory, the rest of Europe now grows accustomed—not, perhaps, without a grudging envy, and now and then an irritated condescension—to expect much that is good and even very good. The Italians emerge from the shadow of their museums, differentiate themselves from the posturing of the Twenty Years, and walk in the light of day, disconcertingly large and human: here among the palaces and the poverty, the sun-capped towers and the picture postcards, the amenities of tourism and the tedium of historical excess, there is, after all, a people that is real, that thinks and feels, that sees life whole and in all its parts, and sees it, after all, with tender understanding and with passion.

The matter of the films is already commonplace. Of all the films of post-war Europe, or at any rate of Western Europe, those produced in Italy have alone revealed a consistent endeavour to reflect life upon this Continent as it is, and not as romance or reaction would have it be. Compared with Hollywood's synthetic insincerity, films such as *Paisà*, *Caccia Tragica*, *Vivere in Pace*, *Roma Città Aperta*, are as burning gold to the tinsel show. Their merit may be unequal, their conception not always sure, their sentiment uncertain, their realism often wanting: their subjects, their themes, are none the less the stuff of life. Where and when, in a country of massive unemployment, of vertiginous poverty, of despair verging upon desperation, has anyone made a film of unemployment to compare with *Bicycle Thieves*?

The reasons for these artistic successes may be hard to analyse and isolate. But it seems to me that they are linked closely with something in the nature of a national rediscovery, with a knotting together of the strands of that humanist tradition which was threaded through the chaos of the eighteenth century, given new strength by the Risorgimento, confirmed by Carducci, Manzoni, Verga, even the young d'Annunzio, and snapped at last by Fascism. The tradition was broken, the artists silenced; but in contrast with Germany, where the artists are still silent—some of the exiles from Nazism, with Brecht and Mann at their head, excepted—the experience was not mortal. Even during the Thirties, when the dictatorship was all-pervading and the opposition scattered, in *confino*, or in flight, there remained in academic obscurity a certain freedom of research. It was not only Croce whose books were published by Laterza—and Croce, after all, was never one to sharpen social unrest: liberal historians such as Lucarelli could publish their work and were not much molested. The novelists could write, if not as they pleased, at least in no sense pleasingly to the regime: Moravia's best novel, *Gli Indifferenti*, gave the public of the mid-thirties a brilliant thesis on social disillusionment. Vittorini's memorable *Conversazione in Sicilia* was published at the beginning of the war, and was one more proof, if this were wanted, that the regime had utterly failed to win, much less to entrance, the intellectuals.

After 1945 the writers began writing again, but not as if nothing had happened. If they had slumbered through the Twenty Years, or had failed to reach maturity, their awakening was thunderous. For what certainly remains to be said about the arts in Italy—all talk of technique and opportunity apart—is that their revival was announced by the trumpets of national insurrection. The preparations and sacrifices which reached their climax in the streets of Milan, Turin, and Genoa in April, 1945, had absorbed the hopes and the energies of almost every worthwhile artist in Italy. There persisted on the side of the *Repubblichini* little more than a clique of sycophantic publicists. The nation was divided; but the dividing was all gain. While the riff-raff of the *Brigate Nere*, the careerists of twenty years of boot-licking, were crowded with their loot and luxury into the hotels and boarding houses of Milan during those last few frantic months when the armies of the Allies paused on the Gothic Line, the men who would matter for Italy walked the hills and thought the future theirs, or watched those who walked the hills and wished them well.

Such a situation is not so easily passed over. It is said that Rossellini filmed in *Roma Città Aperta* the workers' tenements where he had received shelter during the German occupation: whether that is fact or not, the sense of the story is true. Pratolini's novel, *Storia di Poveri Amanti*, will stand well enough for another example. The writers began writing again, but in a fury of discovery. Not, indeed, all the writers: Silone dried up before the end of his exile; Moravia is writing still, but has yet to recapture the agonising conviction of his earlier work. To judge by his other published work, Carlo Levi will not again achieve the success of *Cristo si è fermato a Eboli*. But new men, little-considered men, have pressed into the ranks. Three books from Einaudi's current list bear witness to these new arrivals.* Of differing merit, these novels have this one thing in common: that they are each concerned, intimately, directly, and on the whole convincingly, to take an imprint from the social matrix of contemporary Italy. They deal uncompromisingly with the lives of everyday Italians in everyday—which is not to say ordinary or even normal—circumstances. They are, to that extent, works of realist discovery; and, in the manner of such films as *Sciusia*, what they lack in subtlety and polish, in props and paint and brilliant outlay, in business and in beating of the drums, they more than make good in their sincerity and subject.

In *La Luna e i Falò*—the "Moon and the Torches"—Pavese attempted, in my view successfully, to show how the last twenty years may have seemed through the eyes of a Piedmontese *bracciante*, an agricultural worker, who returns to his village in the hills above Asti after making his pile in America. In spite of faults in construction, occasional annoyances of repetition, and conviction sacrificed here and there to haste—and Pavese, like others, wrote hard for his living (only, in the end, to take his own life soon after this, his last novel, was published)—this book has grace and strength and roundness. More than Signorina Vigano or Francesco Jovine, Pavese had the novelist's talent *par excellence*, the hall-mark of satisfactory fiction—of knowing how to create depth, of conveying stereoscopic vision. From the strip of parched earth upon which this peasant stands the world widens into the manifold affairs of a farmer's family, and thence, crossing the sea and returning again, it deepens stage by stage until the horizons are no longer within reach. This is the true stuff of Italy, rich, remarkable, intensely human. And these three novels—in so far as they and several others, lately published in Italy, mark a turn to realist discovery—provoke an interesting contrast with other European fiction. For Italy, the Proustian interregnum is over.

BASIL DAVIDSON

* *La Luna e i Falò*, by Cesare Pavese, Einaudi, 1950.
L'Agnese Va a Morir, by Renata Vigano, Einaudi, 1949.
Le Terre del Sacramento, by Francesco Jovine, Einaudi, 1950.

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* *Fictitious name for a real character*

The Arts and Entertainment

BALLET

WE must count Longus among the great pioneers of the novel, for his *Daphnis and Chloe* is probably the first piece of fiction which is more than a mere adventure story. Thornley, his seventeenth-century translator, called it "this little, pleasant Laundschip of Love," and that is how one would like it to appear on the stage. But for all its qualities, Frederick Ashton's *Daphnis and Chloe* at Covent Garden achieves no such idyllic effect. Nor does it bear out Thornley's curious sub-title, "A Most Sweet, *and* Pleasant *Pastoroll* ROMANCE for *Young Ladies*," or was the translator being ironical?

In a ballet like this which depends largely on mood, it is more than ever important that the various elements—music, choreography and decor—be perfectly co-ordinated. Ravel, Fokine and Bakst, who collaborated on the first *Daphnis and Chloe* ballet (presented by Diaghilev in Paris during the summer of 1912) worked as one mind. But Ashton and Craxton appear to be quite out of tune with one another and neither are in unison with Ravel's music which should be their key. Moreover they both vary their idiom constantly. Ashton's own style gives way again and again to Fokine's (compare the *Danses Polovtsiennes* with the Pirates' dances in Scene II), Balanchine's, to Nijinsky's (Ashton inevitably borrows the mannered Greek vase gestures that Nijinsky invented for *L'Après Midi d'un Faune*) and to indigenous folk dances. As one would expect from our most distinguished choreographer, Ashton also provides us with moments of beauty—the opening dances for the *corps de ballet*, for example, the *pas de deux* for Daphnis and Lykanion in the same scene and Chloe's solo in Scene II, when her hands are tied by the pirates—but they are too brief. I think the trouble is partly due to the extreme richness of the music. Although Ravel wrote the score expressly for Fokine, this is *not* ballet music. The great crepuscular passage at the beginning of Scene II requires no interpretation, or rather, it would be better without an interpretation, if the music were played as it should be by the Covent Garden orchestra. However, as a music critic remarked, one no more goes to *hear* a ballet than one goes to *look* at an opera. All the more reason that a ballet should be visually pleasing. *Daphnis and Chloe* is not.

Mr. Ashton has nearly always been experimental with his choice of designers, and it is commendable that he should have asked a young English painter to work with him on *Daphnis and Chloe*. Commendable, but regrettable, for Mr. Craxton has very little idea of what to do with a stage or costumes. Also shortcomings which he glossed over in easel paintings are infinitely more evident now they are scaled up to the huge dimensions of Covent Garden. In spite of an ugly tubular pergola arbitrarily placed, the first scene is the least objectionable, because it conveys something of Greece. But suddenly the idiom changes. In Scene II Craxton's Attica becomes Braque's Dieppe. This pokey cove and the last meagre set, a row of stunted trees which resemble the promenade at Nice, destroy most of the great chances this ballet had. I have no *a priori* objection to modern clothes in a ballet of this sort, so long as they are consistent and justify their use—these don't. If Daphnis is going to conceal himself in trousers, then the hirsute limbs of Pan must likewise be hidden, and why dress up the pirates as joke buccaneers? The best part of the evening lay in the individual performances. Margot Fonteyn was a beautiful Chloe, even if her hair was black instead of red-gold, while Violetta Elvin made an eloquent seductress out of Lykanion. But best of all was Michael Somes, as Daphnis, who managed to be "a Paris for handsomeness . . . (though) not a Hector for bravery" without loss of virility.

Ballet Workshop, the admirable successor to the pre-war Ballet Club, present two new ballets in their fourth programme at the Mercury Theatre. David Paltenghi's *Scherzi della Sorte*, to music by "Monteverdi, Cesti and Michael Hobson," is distinguished by Leslie Hurry's curious setting of playing cards, which is the best thing, technically and imaginatively, that I have ever seen on this handkerchief-sized stage. If only Paltenghi did not spoil the picture with elaborate acrobatics which are neither expressive nor beautiful! I am sure this choreographer has great talents, but so far he has only revealed inordinate pretensions and a genius for accompanying inappropriate music with inappropriate choreography. Mignon Furman's *Louisa*, to music by Kabelevski, is a gay little piece about a wife who deceives her husband with a lover, who deceives his mistress with her maid, who deceives her young man with the master of the house and so on; it is like Schnitzler's *Reiger*. A bit long for a revue sketch, which is all it is, but funnily and lightly done.

RICHARD JOHNSON

KATYA KABANOVA

JANACEK (1854-1928) is the leading Czech composer after Smetana and Dvorak, and *Katya Kabanova* (1921) is the second most famous of his six published operas (the most famous being *Jenufa*). Sadler's Wells deserves our gratitude for enabling us to make the acquaintance of *Katya Kabanova*, which is a work of art unlike anything else within our operatic experience: laconic and reserved, yet tender, poetical and often deeply moving. Its faults are those of a mind too preoccupied with the search for truth to take account of certain theatrical necessities; its virtues are such as to melt the heart and disarm the judgment. Such an opera, unfamiliar in idiom and milieu, must fail unless the curiosity of the public is quickly aroused. I therefore beg all those who complain, justly enough, of the staleness of our operatic life to go to Sadler's Wells and see this fine performance of an unknown work of genius. It will be repeated on April 14, 18, 20 and 26, May 10 and 19, and June 6. Not one of these performances, I am shocked to discover, will be relayed by the B.B.C., although some time ago they thought it worth while, *faute de mieux*, to transmit a technically inadequate Czech recording of the opera. This is a bad blunder, and ought at once to be repaired.

The opera is a condensation of Ostrovsky's famous play, *The Storm*, which treats of the narrow, bigoted life lived by the rich merchant class in the provincial Russia of 100 years ago. Katya is a young woman, pure and gentle, with a marked vein of religious mysticism, unhappily married; her husband, Tichon Kabanov, is completely dominated by his odious mother, a domestic tyrant of the old regime. During Tichon's absence, Katya, much against her will, avows her love for the youthful Boris, who is also a creature of finer clay than his associates, dependent on the favour of a brutal and bullying uncle. Their shy meetings are abetted by the emancipated and pleasure-loving pair, Vanya and Barbara (the latter a foster-child in the Kabanov household); but the happiness of the lovers is shortlived and uneasy, for, on Tichon's return, Katya is driven by her overwrought conscience, during a violent thunderstorm, to confess her guilt in public. In the final scene the lovers say farewell, and Katya drowns herself in the Volga.

The action of the opera is rapidly developed in three short acts, each of two scenes. The background—the broad expanse of the Volga and the stolid provincial atmosphere—is indicated with a few masterly strokes; the minor characters are credibly, if lightly, touched in. But everything is subordinated to a wonderful full-length psychological study: that of Katya herself. Boris makes unavoidably a vaguer impression; he is only a distracted adolescent, and in their muted love there is something of the helplessness and innocence of Pelléas and Mélisande. Janacek felt deeply the pathos and poetry of their situation, and he makes us feel it too. He has filled Katya's music with an intense and pure compassion, his habitual preference for flat keys developing here almost into an obsession. Again and again the music slides back—often by an enharmonic modulation—into D flat major, as if the composer wished to comfort the tortured spirit of his heroine in that gentle and dreamy key. The effect, though often surpassingly beautiful (as in the scene where she describes her childhood visions in church), is never voluptuous; and this is due in large part to the clear and luminous orchestration, which charms the ear by its novel range and blend of colours.

It is well known that Janacek sought to express in his music the lilt and cadence of human speech, of which he took copious musical notes wherever he went. But it would be misleading to make too much of this source: *Katya Kabanova* is not an essay in realism. The amazingly pregnant melodic germs are frequently built into ample, flowing phrases, and some of the leading themes of the opera are instrumental in origin. As in all the best of his later work, Janacek displays his peculiar structural power of allowing these brief germs to grow and spread like a thought in the mind, with all sorts of new and expressive harmonic subtleties, but without contrapuntal elaboration or thickening of the texture. The result is a kind of intimate eloquence which is the opposite of rhetoric: Janacek is like those rare people whose unselfconscious honesty of mind makes us ashamed of exaggeration or pretence. The most striking thing about *Katya Kabanova* is not the unusual technique, but the undiluted strength and purity of its human feeling.

A price has been paid for the extreme concision of the work. In the third act the pace becomes altogether too fast—not only faster than any other opera, but at moments even faster than life. The crucial scene of Katya's confession misses fire, partly because it is too like some of her earlier outbursts, partly because it is too near the talk about lightning-conductors and electricity, but mainly because it is far too short and abrupt. And the scene of her suicide runs the risk of provoking smiles because she is fished out of the river, dead, a bare thirty seconds after throwing herself in. The rapidity of these climactic moments reminded me of the sudden scenes of violence in Mr. E. M. Forster's novels: the composer, like the novelist, is not really interested in the event, but in the state of mind. If his handling of the suicide is inexpert, the long previous scene for Katya, leading to the miserably inconclusive interview with Boris and the mysterious unseen voices "like a sigh of the Volga"—all this is curiously touching and imaginative.

This is the bravest and the most considerable achievement of Sadler's Wells since their unforgettable *Peter Grimes* of 1945. Its success is due largely to the enthusiasm of Norman Tucker, who has made an admirable translation of the libretto, and to the conductor (Charles Mackerras) and producer (Dennis Arundell), both of whom not only caught but managed to a great extent to instil into their cast, the unfamiliar idiom of the work. Amy Shuard makes a pathetic and convincing heroine, and sings with genuine fervour; she will be better still when she learns to vary the colour of her voice and to use, at times, a softer and more veiled quality of tone. As the fearsome old virago, Kate Jackson does not carry the necessary guns: she lacks acerbity, and her clothes were unsuitably nun-like. Marion Studholme is a too coquettish Barbara, but the Vanya of Robert Thomas is excellent, and the whole cast maintains a high standard of accuracy and enunciation. The producer, in conjunction with John Glass, has devised a beautiful and entirely suitable set of stage pictures, which are changed with exemplary speed; my only objections are that Act II, Scene 1, should be played "in the last rays of the evening sun," not as though night had already set in, and that the following scene, in the garden, was altogether too fuliginous. The music

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whispers in unmistakable language of a soft summer night; to go for a lovers' stroll in such darkness as *that* would be to risk falling into the Volga an act too soon.

But these are small details, and it is seldom indeed that we encounter so complete a devotion to the claims of a masterpiece as is shown at every point in this production.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

TELEVISION NOTES

MOST of the discussion about what television can or cannot do seems to centre over much on obvious limitations like the size of the screen. Too little attention is given by critics to what may or may not be effective from the point of view of the vast television audience, scattered in little homely groups in the living rooms of half a million houses. The television critic cannot pay too much attention to the conditions imposed by this audience; good technique can often be created quite naturally if the men and women behind the screen remember they have always to handle this house-bound audience sitting in front of them. How far, for instance, will a play originally written for production in the full setting of a theatre stage survive *dramatically speaking* when our view of the players is narrowed down to a series of mobile close-ups? How far will dialogue written for actors who should speak out bold and clear before a thousand spectators remain effective when the characters are in what the film people call a "tight two-shot," their heads talking in close-up only a few feet from the viewer?

It is true that dialogue of a certain unrhetorical quality assists in building up conviction in the reality of what is going on as we sit and watch in our armchairs, unconsciously so very much less on the alert for theatrical effects than we should be if we were part of the audience in a theatre. Duncan Ross, the writer of *The Course of Justice* programmes, is a master of such dialogue stolen from the lips of living people: Ian Atkins, the producer, is his equal in removing all artificiality from his actors and creating in us a complete conviction in the actuality of his trial scenes. The last production in this brilliant series specially written for television was widely praised by the critics. Here was real television. No one seemed to be fussing about what could be or could not be included in the small screen. Large sets and large effects were used, though quite rightly most of the production was in medium and close shot. The reproduction of the court was so well done that the show might well have been an outside broadcast. The meticulously accurate choice of the case-book characters and the meticulously realistic acting achieved a triumph of production which television will find it hard to equal in the future.

The month under review was a distinguished one for drama. Productions included the opera by Wolf-Ferrari, *School for Fathers*, Ibsen's *Ghosts*, Harley Granville-Barker's *The Voysey Inheritance*, as well as Somerset Maugham's *The Sacred Flame*, which I was unable to see. The comic domesticity of *School for Fathers* made it peculiarly suitable for domestic television; it was, I thought, a gay, sparkling production by George R. Foa with nothing pompous about it. *Ghosts*, in Norman Ginsbury's acceptable translation produced by Val Gielgud and Dallas Bower, was a distinguished production with an unusually sharply defined, bitter performance by Cathleen Nesbitt as Mrs. Alving. Andrew Osborn, good as Oswald though a little too rhetorical in speech, needed the claustrophobic enfolding atmosphere of a carefully lit stage picture to set one's heart on edge with Oswald's last mad words; the horrible isolation of the mother and son could not emerge from the close shots on the television screen. One needed to see their total isolation. Here is one of those problems of production which arise when we lose the stage and its framed settings, as well as the *timed* and calculated development of atmosphere possible in the public theatre. The late Edward Rigby gave a beautifully characterised performance as Engstrand.

The Voysey Inheritance, produced by Campbell Logan, made less effective television owing to the uniform hardness of the dialogue, which tends to be written all in one style, satisfactory enough on the stage. The production, however, and particularly the acting, I thought very good, especially the performance of Allan Jeayes as the head of the family; Louise Hampton (whose performance as the deaf Mrs. Voysey was completely credible); Michael Hordern (who made the boor of the family consistently interesting and funny), and David Markham in the difficult and rather tiresome role of Edward Voysey.

ROGER MANVELL

THE MOVIES

"Drôle de Drame," at the Academy
"Unwanted Women," at the Rialto
"Waters of Time," Festival of Britain Film

Mock murder, at least as old as *The Beggars' Opera*, seems always to carry with it a fashionable trend: when, that is to say, it is done with wit and fancy. *Drôle de Drame*, an early collaboration of Carné and Prévert, possesses this touch. It may not, like *A Slight Case of Murder*, toodle about the real thing; it may not hilariously freeze like *Kind Hearts and Coronets;* but about its chosen theme—the flat-footed detective story—it does spin a gay web of fantasy. *Drôle de Drame* owes its light-hearted plot to a novel by J. Storer Clouston, whose *Lunatic at Large* may be recalled by fogies as a flightier variant of Raffles. It opens with a meeting to protest against the influence of a successful crime writer; a bishop (superbly Louis Jouvet) threatens the almost empty hall; among his audience is the author (Michel Simon), known only as a lopsided botanist, and a goose-necked murderer (Jean-Louis Barrault), swearing vengeance on pen-peddlars whose fictions have distracted him from a primrose path. Hitherto, this happy animal-lover, has undeviatingly knifed butchers; now he must seek out also the author of *The Perfect Crime*. He springs on his bicycle and rides off down the aisle before the police can stop him. All the characters in *Drôle de Drame* are devotees of some gay personal lyric. The courting milkman delivers free quarts that begin to pile up alarmingly. The bishop has an eye for roast duck with orange and for the chorus girl who won't say no. The botanist sets his mimosa reeling with whisky and gin. Beer stalls spring up opposite the mansion from which more than one individual has vanished. Scotland Yard's most massive inspector takes for their morning walk the ten little children whose father has roused a mob to anger. And where's Mrs. Molyneux (Françoise Rosay)? Where is Canada, that old lady's little pet who for four years hasn't answered his mistress's call? They are all the flowers—fed on *absinthe frappé*?—of a mysterious London in which late revellers can still be clubbed and robbed of their buttonholes for the sake of a lady sheltering in a Limehouse bedroom. Londoners with the meat queue and the traffic block at their backs should especially enjoy this extravagance; such polished fun—for which no one would make heavy claims—doesn't often come our way.

"There's the concentration camp," says somebody in *Unwanted Women*, "it's served for the enemies of Fascism and for Fascists, for Italians and Nazis, and now it's the women's turn." This Italian film, directed by a Hungarian and speaking four languages, might have been intolerably moving if it had been better made. As it is the reality behind the fiction more often than the fiction itself grimly afflicts us. Melodrama, satire, comedy and pathos break in on one another like the confusion of tongues. Valentina Cortese gives a fine performance as a Jugoslav woman who dies in childbirth behind wires, and Simone Simon goes off, impudent as ever, to marry an inconceivable ice-cream merchant.

The trouble with *Waters of Time*, a handsome self-revelation of the Port of London made for next month's Festival, and directed by Mr. Basil Wright, is that it too self-consciously hammers in the patina that originally made our documentaries famous. When we might be quite simply enjoying the sight of swans at Richmond or a row of derricks near Blackwall, a poem feverishly dangles its images before our eyes, music strains to make all radiant. This film, one can't help feeling, with its docking and departure of a cargo ship, would have gained greatly by economising a little on the art that reveals art.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Adrian Ryan, at the Redfern

At Adrian Ryan's earlier exhibition at the Redfern, reviewed handsomely and at length in these columns, one felt inclined to murmur "Soutine" under one's breath; in front of his latest pictures, restrained and almost mature, the words "Camden Town Group" seems more appropriate. In fact they give the appearance of being deliberate evocations of English painting at the moment of the discovery of "Post-Impressionism," near the beginning of the first war: not of Gilman only but of Innes and the earliest Matthew Smiths. They are deeply English, in that they possess those qualities of honesty and decency that one associates with the period in English art that they evoke. The solid pictures are not laboured, the loose ones, except for some dubious fish and dead birds splashed on to a cloth, not flashy. Among Ryan's figure studies the only failure is his self-portrait, where he seems to have lost confidence (out of shyness?) in his own head. His landscapes painted in oils in the neighbourhood of Toulon display a fine balance between thought and vision. In his landscapes in watercolour on the other hand, which depend more on direct contact with the *motif* and hence more on what he sees than on what he devises, he tends to succumb to the vision that too many excellent painters have imposed on this region. It is strange how he succeeds in seeing it at all with a fresh eye, considering how Cézanne, Van Gogh and Renoir did their best to kill it for painters. B. N.

"Who Goes There?" at the Westminster

The author of *The Happiest Days of Your Life* here provides a successor, less boisterous, but no less agreeably diverting. The theme is slight enough. A "grace and favour" house in St. James's Palace; a brother, off to Baffin Land in the morning for the Foreign Office, who would much prefer a climate that was warmer and more plentifully provided with girls; a sister who is determined to get him cooled off in the Arctic for the sake of his career; and the fiancée of one of the sentries at the palace, an entrancingly impudent little Irish girl who is almost the cause of his losing his place. Changes in the situation are ingeniously rung: there are many amusingly timed lines which Mr. Nigel Patrick, all easy charm as the brother, knows just how to place. Miss Geraldine MacEwan, the Dublin charmer, introduces to us a fresh kind of impertinent attraction. Mr. Victor Adams is a fine ramrod of an inarticulate Guardsman. Miss Frances Rowe makes the most of the dullish part of the sister. Mr. Dighton might surely have had a little more fun with her if he had allowed himself a touch of satire there. But he sticks resolutely to the mild traditions of light comedy: and this is a skilfully managed one which is guaranteed to top off a light-hearted evening or to send you home in a better temper than you may have arrived in.

T. C. W.

William Gear, at Gimpel Fils

Hedgerow, First Crocus, Autumn Landscape; these are typical titles of Gear's new paintings. One's first impression, however, is that they are all interchangeable, for each picture is based on a very similar sequence of abstract shapes. In most of them a vaguely three-dimensional framework of thick, black bars—not unlike a cage made partly from the irregularly knuckled boughs of a tree and partly from the emphatic shadows cast by them—is set against a dull green or brown background; then, through and on this structure are placed bright, lively patches of colour like torn bits of paper. The result is an ab-

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stract painting which, instead of being rigid and geometric, is supple and—in an unspecific sort of way—organic. After a while and with the confirmation of the catalogue, one begins to notice subtle differences between one picture and another. Gear discovers the characteristic arrangement of colours on which the natural atmosphere of a scene depends, and then plays a variation upon that theme within his severely limited abstract formula; the yellow "bits" in *Spring Song* are as fresh and vivacious as flowers, yet almost identical ones in *December Landscape* appear to shine like carnival lanterns. This though is not enough. The repetition of the basic shapes becomes boring, while the formula itself prevents him from investigating nature deeply enough to enliven and renew his visual vocabulary. One of his latest pictures (No. 23, *Bouquet*) suggests that he may have realised this—for I believe that Gear is a sufficiently vital artist to be capable of developing further. J. B.

Correspondence

BOMBING AS A CRIME

SIR,—I have just read an account published in the *New Yorker* of March 17 of an air attack carried out by U.N. forces in Korea. After describing the horrific action of napalm, the eye-witness goes on to mention that, following an attack on a ridge where Chinese were known to be entrenched, the pilot of his Mosquito asked fighter-bombers to save a little napalm for a nearby village. "He had not been told there were enemy troops there," says the observer, "but was simply following an abstract rule of thumb: Chinese hide in villages, so villages must be attacked."

Is it not clear, in the first place, sir, by the time such events can be chattily described in a humorous weekly, that the War Crimes Trials at Nuremberg and elsewhere were a total failure in their intention, which, presumably, was to discourage the commission of such crimes in future wars? Secondly, does not the state of affairs suggested by this incident supply a perfect blueprint for the fate of the rural as well as urban populations of Europe, who in World War III will be incinerated with certainly no more compunction than are Korean villagers at the actual moment?

It should be added that *New Yorker's* correspondent stresses the normality and essential likeability of the young men who perform these apocalyptic tasks. Apparently by grace of their long-range weapons they are left quite untouched by the nature of their work, and are thereby enabled to carry out exterminations quite beyond the scope or dreams of one of the old-time Asiatic conquerors, with no more than the mildest of sporting sensations.

Bangkok, NORMAN LEWIS
Thailand.

"FREEDOM AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH"

SIR,—Like the good Socialist that he is, Professor Joad is ever assiduous to unearth an *a priori* basis for the attainment of perfect happiness. That *a posteriori* we remain imperfectly happy after that basis has been established is never allowed to damp his enthusiasm. This time it is the diminution of the influence of the Catholic Church which engages Professor Joad's attention, for it is, we learn, "at point after point prejudicial to human happiness." Professor Joad instances sex as one of these points. He presumes that the early Fathers, preoccupied with the imminence of the end of the world, and thinking it pointless to propagate the species, indulged their distaste for sexual pleasure by exacting child-birth as the price for it. That he who is careless of the propagation of the species will not demand reproduction as the price for such pleasure is an inconsistency that lies no doubt in the prejudices of the Fathers, and not in the reasoning of Professor Joad. Had he probed for the real ground upon which the Catholic attitude rests, instead of drawing on his imagination to supply a fanciful one, Professor Joad would have been more usefully occupied. He would not have had to have probed deep. A threepenny pamphlet would have answered the purpose. The Catholic standpoint derives from the view that an appetite has a function to fulfil and that to gratify the appetite in artificial isolation from the fulfilment of its function is sinful. Thus the function of the appetite for food is to nourish the body. To take an emetic so as artificially to prevent food from being nutritious, as the Romans are reputed to have done, is no more an abuse of this appetite than the employment of contraceptives is an abuse of the appetite for copulation. Whatever may be thought of it, this standpoint is at least more deserving of consideration than what Professor Joad presumes to have been the predilections of the Fathers.

Professor Joad next turns to the dual system of truth. Unfortunately the nature of this curious phenomenon emerges sadly indistinct from his discussion of evolution, for we are never shown how the two can be related. With the experts themselves not unanimous, it surely cannot be that Professor Joad begrudges Catholics two, or even three or four, different views on such a technical matter of biology as this.

Professor Joad then echoes Mr. Blanshard's sentiment that an institution that has inspired so much devotion and idealism as the Catholic Church should shed an undemocratic system of control. It seems that neither Professor Joad nor Mr. Blanshard has stopped to ponder that since the Church has inveterately ascribed divinity to its founder, and not to its components, to suggest that it should adopt democracy in the sense of attributing infallibility to majority vote will not forcibly appeal to it. Moreover, in terms of his own argument, the defectiveness of Professor Joad's logic becomes unusually obtrusive. He accepts Mr. Blanshard's opinion that the devotion and idealism of Catholics have been mis-directed and should be reorientated. Yet it is devotion and idealism that as nothing else conduce to happiness, and if it is the achievement of happiness which is the summit of human activity, it is not in Professor Joad's place to be fastidious as to how it is realhed. He surely would not risk dislodging Catholics from these heights merely in order that they might return to them by paths more congenial to him.

Professor Joad's denial that it is the Catholic religion, as distinct from Catholic practice, that Mr. Blanshard has so damningly exposed assorts uneasily with the argument that preceded it; but if he discovered from Mr. Blanshard's book that the Church, unlike the Socialists, provides no nostrum whereby the faithful may enter into Salvation hereunder, its publication has not been untimely. Had he read the New Testament, which has been in circulation for some years longer than this book, Professor Joad would have found the same circumstance at least equally well illustrated. J. O. YOUNGHUSBAND

28 Gunter Grove, S.W.10.

SIR,—A considerable number of misconceptions of the position and role of the Catholic Church are implied in Dr. Joad's review of Mr. Paul Blanshard's book *Freedom and Catholic Power* in your issue of April 7. They can be summarised by saying that his whole attitude, like that of the American author, is vitiated for purposes of serious dispute by its basic but unargued assumption that the Catholic religion is of human origin and should continuously be adapted in accordance with human ethics.

Mr. Blanshard and Dr. Joad are fully entitled to assail the Church on the ground that its claim to be the possessor and interpreter of Divine truth are false; though if they dispute this claim they must presumably be prepared philosophically to disprove it. They are *not* entitled to attack the Church for failing to be what it has never claimed and never can claim to be—an apparatus for bestowing a sweet religious sanction on the current popular ethic of any particular epoch. It is the misunderstanding of the Church's claim, rather than of its operation in America or elsewhere, which—for example—makes nonsense of Dr. Joad's first paragraph, in which he attempts a distinction between "the religion of the Catholic Church" and "that Church's extra-religious activities" in relation to the State, education, sex, etc. For a Church claiming—rightly or wrongly—to be the repository and the dispenser of the unchanging and binding message of God to man there can, fairly obviously, be no "extra-religious" activities.

Dr. Joad quotes Mr. Blanshard's conviction that "if the Catholic people of the world could control their own Church, the Catholic problem would disappear." This conception of Catholicism, convenient as it might be, say, to the present regimes in Poland and Czechoslovakia, might be expressed more vividly by saying: "If mankind could instruct its own God in eternal Truth, everything in the garden would be lovely." Some 420,000,000 people in the world happen to disagree with this; what matters here is that the attitude (is it simply bad philosophy or, possibly, an aspect of "escapism"?) of the Church's antagonists in refusing to direct their attacks at the central stronghold of the Church's fundamental claim makes serious and profitable argument impossible.

London, W. PETER KNIGHT

"STONE OF DESTINY"

SIR,—Your intelligent comments on the Coronation Stone do not take account of the recently established fact that it is not the true original inauguration stone of the old Scots kings. In the general hubbub about the recent unofficial removal little attention has been paid to the article in the *Scotsman* of February 17, where Dr. James Richardson, lately H.M. Inspector of Ancient Monuments for Scotland, proved, with the aid of Dr. W. Croft Dickinson, Professor of Scots History in the University of Edinburgh, that the quarry-dressed block of Old Red Sandstone, of the type found in the Scone district, lately housed in the Westminster chair, cannot be the stone shown on the seals of the Scots Kings Alexander I, David I, and others, and described by near contemporary chroniclers of the enthronements of Alexander III and John Balliol. The old Scots stone was "very large . . . hollowed out and fashioned in the manner of a round chair," "sculptured in very antique workmanship by a careful artist." Dr. Richardson plausibly suggests that it might have been

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made from an altar, with basin and volute, from one of the three Roman camps near Scone, or a Pictish carved seat from the Culdee establishment preceding the Augustinian Abbey at Scone. He points out as significant that, on being given possession of a stone from Scone in 1296, Edward I ordered his goldsmith to make a bronze chair to enshrine it, but, when his order was about complete, cancelled it and had a cheap wooden chair made by his painter. He also sent a second expedition to Scone, in 1298, which broke open all the cupboards, chests, and caskets, and generally pulled the Abbey to pieces.

Since Dr. Richardson academically confirmed my long-standing suspicions about the genuineness of the Westminster stone, I have several times drunk the health of the astute and patriotic Abbot of Scone, who swindled the would-be Norman conqueror. But there is as yet no sign that the historical truth has penetrated the general public skull in Scotland, or in the adjacent kingdom; and in fairly wide circles there is considerable resentment at the notion of the stone being returned to Westminster. So long as most Scots believe the recently abstracted stone to be the real Stone of Destiny, many or most of them will regard its retention at Westminster as a symbol of the dictum of England over Scotland. No doubt its symbolisation is very different for the average English or other non-Scottish subject of His Britannic Majesty. While there is the present international conflict of symbolisation, it would be injudicious for the authorities to expose the stone publicly.

Let us have breathing-space to digest the truth revealed by Dr. Richardson, and then, when we have realised what stone it is, we may be able to agree on an appropriate place for it. DOUGLAS YOUNG

Makarsbield, Tayport, Fife.

"KILLING A SCHOOL"

SIR,—Dr. Bernard Homa emphasises that the Governors of the Hackney Downs School were fully informed of the situation when they made their decision to support the application to the Minister to have the school defined as a county school. I wonder if he would state, in particular, whether the Governors, at their material meeting, knew that Section 9(2) of the Education Act 1944 provides that "Primary and Secondary schools maintained by a local authority . . . shall, if established by a local authority or by a former authority, be known as County schools and, if established otherwise than by such an authority, be known as Voluntary schools," and that the Ministry of Education had expressed the view that Section 85(3), which is the only other section capable of creating any ambiguity, is applicable only to schools which become vested in a local education authority after the coming into operation of the Act.

I ask this question because when the matter was debated in the Council some time after the Governors' meeting Dr. Homa himself did not appear to be aware of these vital facts.

16 Byward Street, E.C.3. MAGNUS WECHSLER

WOMEN'S MAGAZINES

SIR,—Mr. Howard Wyce's defence of women's magazines as depicted in your issue of March 24 by Robert Pitman, contains a great deal of nonsense. I speak simply from experience. Does Mr. Wyce seriously believe that a man who wishes to live by writing would refuse the fees offered by the sort of journal which employs him, simply because it *is* that sort of journal? That is what he implies.

Less than two years ago it was financially necessary for me to sell every possible piece of writing which I could produce; it was a matter of indifference to me where my stuff was printed. It was not and could not be a matter of indifference whether the quality of what I wrote was good, bad, or indifferent. The stories sent out by my agent on my behalf were therefore, no "worse" than those which are printed in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION or broadcast on the Third Programme. They were consistently returned by the "Women's magazines" and by, for that matter, Men's magazines of the same order. Financial pressure being intolerable for a while, I wrote a number of stories, deliberately sinking the level of intelligence, imagination and perception. There was no difficulty in selling these and getting a whacking good price for them. True, in at least two cases, the editors insisted on my altering the ends in order to obtain the absolutely meretricious and false effect of a "snap finish" where the nature of the story did not call for one. It has, happily, been possible since that time to give up writing this boring and juvenile kind of story. But there can be no doubt that it is profitable.

It will, from time to time, happen that a writer working at an adult level of intelligence and imagination will be able to use a theme entailing so much action that his story is, as it were, two stories: that which it superficially appears to be, and which may well satisfy the editors of Mr. Wyce's kind of journal, and that which it fundamentally is, and which will appeal to a more perceptive kind of reader and publisher. Few writers have the gift of producing such work consistently: two of those in Mr. Wyce's list, or at least one of them, has it.

Of course, it is deplorable that the best writing of our time does not appear in the journals with the largest circulations. But the greater part of the blame should be placed where it belongs, on the shoulders of the editors of large circulation, glossy magazines who not only do not estimate the intelligence of their readers very highly, but place it very much lower than it probably is in reality.

Molash, Kent. EDWARD HYAMS

SIR,—Fresh from his stern, down-to-earth work for a woman's magazine, Mr. Howard Wyce has taken a canter against the cloud-cuckoo-land of Great Turnstile, in general, and against my article, in particular. May I offer a few points in defence?

1. Is it over-precious to ask that the popular women's magazines should occasionally pay as much attention to real social issues as they do to bulletins from the Paris fashion houses? Which, for the average woman, is more down-to-earth—the Children's Act or the latest impossibly expensive creation by Balenciaga? Before answering that these questions are based on a superficial knowledge of women's magazines, Mr. Wyce should consider a letter I have received from an ex-editor of several women's magazines. She writes: "I know as a journalist, apart from editing, how hard it is to get any "real" subjects or realistic treatment of social ones into the magazines." She adds: ". . . it is rarely the fault of the editor and much more the responsibility of the management who set the policy."

2. Mr. Wyce calls me a highbrow. I wish I were. It might be exciting to join those people, described by Mr. Wyce in an admirable musical metaphor, who keep "fiddling juvenilely in their own fluting Junior Common Rooms." But the truth is that I cannot stop myself enjoying Munnings rather than Moore, and the *Mirror* rather than the *Manchester Guardian*. I particularly enjoy looking at, if not reading, the popular magazine in which Mr. Wyce, as he himself reminds us, carries on the torch of Dickens, Chekhov and Shakespeare. I also think he has hit the nail on the head when he states that the masses "have often shown themselves appreciative of the best when the best is presented to them." This fact, as I tried to indicate, is ignored by the publishers of the popular women's magazines. They prefer to believe that, to be popular, one must condescend. And, on occasions, fortunately for their circulation, it seems that the intelligent woman positively enjoys being treated as a moron.

3. I, too, relish what Mr. Wyce calls the "gustily alive content" of much modern American writing, although the American stories selected by British women's magazines are often as gustily alive as stale soda-pop. As a matter of fact, it is the editors who import these stories who seem to find their American background objectionable. They even try to disguise it by writing in English names and terms—"London" for "New York," "bus" for "streetcar," etc. Not that this absurd task is always done well. In one story, which made its British debut last November, the otherwise English hero's house is reassessed by the *Town-Hall* for *taxes* (American for "rates").

4. *Pace* Mr. Wyce, this example, like those I quoted in my article, is genuine. Some women's magazines are too often like parodies of themselves to leave any scope for another Arthur Marshall. ROBERT PITMAN

ADJOURNMENT

SIR,—The thing that is proved by Captain Soames' letter in your issue of April 7 seems to be that not merely was *he* aware that the Adjournment of the House had in fact been moved but also that it had been moved by Mr. Popplewell. I had the pleasure of being in the gallery on that day and hence witnessed the delightful performance from the Conservative benches, yet I do not recall that Captain Soames intervened, when his colleagues were protesting that they had not heard the motion to adjourn, to say that he at least had heard Mr. Popplewell move that motion.

West Hoathly, Sussex. ANTONY EVANS

DISCHARGED PRISONERS

SIR,—I am grateful to you for having drawn your readers' attention to the inquiry into the work of the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies. There are nearly 60 such societies in England and Wales, and, as you say, the aid they render is largely material—a little money, sometimes a job.

Most delinquents, whatever their intellectual and physical development, are emotionally immature. When faced with difficulties or temptations, they evade the former and do little to fight the latter. Their offence is frequently the outcome of a failure to adjust themselves to the demands of life.

When such people are sent to prison they are not only removed from these demands; there are precious few alternative incentives to positive action open to them. Their lives are ordered for them by someone else, and such little work as they are allowed to do (between 19 and 25 hours per week in local prisons) is usually dull.

On release they return to a hostile society. Difficulties which previously existed in their minds only now exist in the minds of others also, and must be overcome. If they are to be helped to become responsible and constructive members of society, they must be shown how to fight their own battles, how to channel their energies, and how to use the sometimes inadequate equipment at their disposal to the best advantage. Material aid is usually required. But it is sometimes of secondary importance. Something much more subtle and comprehensive is needed—a rehabilitation service which begins when the prisoner is sentenced and which ought not to end until he has managed to readjust himself wherever readjustment is possible.

HUGH J. KLARE, *Secretary*

The Howard League for Penal Reform.

PEACE ADVERTISEMENT

SIR,—The Aberdeen Peace with China Committee has instructed me to acquaint you with the following information in order to gain your assistance in uncovering the democratic element at present hidden in the mystery of the "Peace Advert."

(1) On March 8, 1951, our Interim Secretary submitted an advert. No. 40237 to the *Evening Express* office. This advert. contained details of a Public Meeting organised by the local committee of the Peace with China Council to take place in the Aberdeen Music Hall on Sunday, March 11, 1951, at 3 p.m.

(2) The advert., however, did not appear in the Friday or Saturday issues of the *Evening Express*.

(3) Our Secretary was eventually contacted on Monday, March 12, and asked to call at the office in order to accept refund of money paid for the advert.

(4) Since no reason was given for inability to publish our advert. a letter was forwarded to the Editor of the *Evening Express* requesting that he enlighten our committee concerning his future policy towards further adverts. submitted by the Peace with China Council. This letter was dated March 22, 1951.

(5) A communication dated March 26, 1951, was received from the office of the *Evening Express* with the information that it is not the practice to enter into any correspondence on a matter of the kind raised.

In view of the above information it would appear that our local problem had much in common with the recent edict concerning the non-discussion of the 38th Parallel. LEO A. CLEGG,

Secretary

Books in General

*World Within World** is a very apt title for Mr. Spender's autobiography. It marks the conflict between public and private life which is one of the key themes of our age and which, on many levels, has been most fruitful in Mr. Spender's life as a writer. A wilful sensibility and an idealism not averse to display and even to publicity, made him dream in childhood of martyrdom and crucifixion. The fact is recalled, characteristically, without irony. There was a family tradition of public earnestness and Liberal rhetoric:

> A game of football ceased to be just the kicking about of a leather ball by bare-kneed boys. It had become confused with the Battle of Life. Honour, Integrity, Discipline, Toughness and a dozen other qualities haunted the field like ghostly footballers.

Against that tradition a generation earlier than Mr. Spender's had reacted—one remembers scenes in Aldous Huxley's novels—but he was to grow up in the Thirties when the ghostly team came back wearing shirts of a different colour. Living his private life publicly (I mean without reserve), arresting public life tactlessly with the private instance; ingenuously, unguardedly, compulsively mixing the two together, Mr. Spender took the Fool's part in the distracted comi-tragedy of duty which was played out in that decade. He comes out of it all now so well because of his sincerity, because he did not hide his confusion or harden off, because he had exposed himself. It is impossible to pin him down in a sentence. What may sound naive is simply natural; much that is unguarded is not without its glance of self-awareness; out of his instability has grown wisdom; and though another team of ghostly footballers, in the shirts of a solemn didactic analysis, has now come on the field, they have not defeated an inborn capacity to convey truths of feeling and tenderness and to see round the corners of the heart. Though he is serious all the time and is sometimes Germanically solemn, this seriousness unexpectedly provides the grotesque, the ridiculous and the fully considered at random. Symbolism and fantasy are often undignified in their manner of visiting us, but in his ambiguous moments Mr. Spender conveys the impression of being just as embarrassed as we are by the idiocies of inspiration. I think, for example, of the time when he saw a donkey on the road in Morocco and imagined it was his friend Jimmy Younger whose life was seriously compromised in Spain at the time. It is in moments like this that Mr. Spender, rather than his victims, seems to be the Golden Ass. It is the kind of personality made for autobiography, and *World Within World* is an absorbing and considerable book, an important, eloquent apologia.

The opening pages which shrewdly describe the climates through which he passed in his youth, are admirable. They contain some unique portraits. The comfortable life of the professional classes had become strained:

> We lived in a style of austere comfort against a background of calamity. Little of our money seemed spent on enjoyment, but most on doctors and servants and maintaining a standard of life . . . . I remember (my mother) lying on a chaise-longue in Sheringham complaining about debts and telling me in a taxi in London that she was five pounds overdrawn.

Half of middle-class life is in that last casual phrase. To anxiety was added that coldness to their children which the educated classes in England practised on principle. Of his mother again, Spender says:

> She recognised in me someone as hypersensitive as herself and snubbed me accordingly, being, like many sensitive people, unable to resist wounding those as vulnerable as herself, in revenge for wounds she had suffered from the seeming invulnerable.

A mother haunted by a sense of moral catastrophe, a father with the hectic journalist's feeling for rhetorical moral drama: one can see that this was not the parents' real life, but that it would seem so to the disembodied eye of childhood. And how a fear of life and a hankering after what rhetoric was meant to evade, would haunt the child. An "advanced" grandmother, an exquisite self-immolating eccentric, was to become a great influence after the death of his parents. (The bad effect of this tragedy was to give the boy too much surveillance; everyone butted in. On the other hand he perhaps owes a close and feminine sense of human relationships to it.) The grandmother was a woman who liked to discuss everything without reserve, enjoyed being shocked. The most attractive trait in her was infectious gullibility:

> In railway carriages, people told my grandmother their life stories. She listened with her head bowed, her jaw dropping, her heart wrung. Yet all the time there lurked in her expression a faint suspiciousness which I grew to recognise. This was partly just the inevitable suspiciousness of a person of means, whose sympathy has been exploited by too many people too many times. It was partly shrewd intelligence of the kind by which a brilliant person is not fooled all the time. Her spontaneous sympathy was also tinged with suspiciousness which was really of herself. She knew she was liable to like the wrong people . . . . A wealthy woman, she inhabited a corner of one room of her large Kensington flat, in which she lived with extreme simplicity, preferring to sit always on a three-legged wooden stool eating, when she was alone, meals which consisted usually of stale bread or buns and a little cheese, wearing black dresses which were indistinguishable one from the other.

These are figures out of Galsworthy. Their comedy lies between their scrupulous characters, their fullsome circumstances and their astonishing views. It is, one reflects, their education that makes the educated comic; fashion derides our minds even more cruelly than it does our clothes. There is rude Aunt May hating Lloyd George, artists, poets and young married couples. Aunt May believed violently in the "hard" way. And the "hard" way had a peculiar torture called "the fiery Furnace of Loving." Mr. Shaw, Mr. Bennett and Mr. Wells were all wrong because they had not been through it. "Who," I asked timidly, "has been through it?" Robert Louis Stevenson, Robert Hichens and Sir Ian Hamilton and "of course your uncle," she replied. They had courted her and felt the heat of this peculiarly Edwardian fantasy.

Up to this Mr. Spender has been writing the simplest part of his autobiography and differs from other writers only by the use of a shrewd, sweeping, summary skill. Oxford, Auden, poetry, Germany follow. The descriptions of pre-Nazi Hamburg are wonderfully good and here he has a mature power of recording the folly of past seriousness, the awkwardness and captiousness of being young, gifted and unsure, and he has a dramatic memory of his own changes of mind about poetry. There was the thirst for fame, Milton's "last infirmity": "Even to-day it often disgusts me to read a newspaper in which there is no mention of my name." The poet became for him the man who rejects the external world and "creates from the fullest realisation of his own being"; then, he moved through a maze of poetic experience to the realisation that the poets are not just "poetic," and slowly to the poetry of "real life." A concern with the single line led to the image and to the task of pursuing it

> through solitude to places where it is hidden from all that has been put into words before and then to mould it with all the hazards of language. Most writers allow their ideas to lead them back from terrifying solitude to the consolatory society of approximate and familiar phrases. An experience to them is the beginning of a journey where they soon arrive at already expressed ideas. The writer who clings to his own metaphor is facing his own loneliness; in fighting to distinguish a new idea from similar ideas which have already been expressed, he may find that his most hidden experience brings him . . . . face to face with the terrifying truth of his own isolated existence.

That sense of isolation is the recurring theme "I tried to relate the public passion to my private life"—but rejecting the simplifications of the public point of view. If the spectacle of Mr. Spender chasing off to Spain, half-committed to the Left-wing cause, but equally impelled by private moral guilt about the fate of a friend, seems to the austere observer feckless, irresponsible and an example of moral frivolity, that is only half the story. Mr. Spender's truth to himself, his refusal to argue away, hide or reject the value of the mystery of private motive, is of fundamental importance to humanists. He was not more to be criticised than the single-minded, the cynics or the showmen who fought in the foreign armies in Spain; for, shut up in their ideologies, victimised or exalted by a cause, they were ignorant of Spanish nature and history and were at fundamental variance with what it means to be a Spaniard. They were oblivious of the irony that a European cause had attached itself to a non-European scene. The really defeated in Spain—it seems to me—were the foreigners; even from the view of self-interest, they failed to prevent a European war. Nowadays, Mr. Spender's apology for the complexity of human nature has become the statement of the public cause of our kind of civilisation. It is not quite true, however, to say that in literature the only people who could have attained the fusion of the public and the private in the terrible days of the Thirties, were the murderers and the murdered. The triumphs of literature spring from imaginative experience; their source in personal experi-

* *World Within World*. By STEPHEN SPENDER. *Hamish Hamilton*. 15s.

ence is far less certain. So if Mr. Spender failed, as he thinks he did, in his poem *Vienna*, Mr. Auden, an outsider also but impersonally inflamed, succeeded in his poem *Spain*.

The story of Mr. Spender's Spanish experience is done in his curious, vivid manner of what I can only call sincere farce. It is strange to see a man so moved, yet so restless, so impelled to the grand and drawn to the irrelevant; so thoroughly cast for the wrong role and yet, by force of a fundamental moral sensibility, turning it into the right one. A fellow artist—very surprisingly it was Hemingway who showed the generosity of the American mind at its best—understood Mr. Spender's position at a point when the embittered politicals and soldiers were mocking at him; and I must say that Mr. Spender's own candour and truthfulness about the whole Spanish mess, give dignity to this part of his narrative.

This is a crowded, detailed book, full of important things and I can give only an impression of it. It excels in portraits of the thinking kind. The analyses of feeling and personal relationships are sometimes arid but unexpectedly flower into moments of comedy or illumination. The portrait of Jimmy Younger, the unfortunate, arguing, quarrelling, lost soldier is most sympathetic. A Viennese idyll is very well done; and if it is true that modern love has become "difficult" to an extent unknown before, owing to our reading of psychology—an assertion I am very doubtful of—Mr. Spender at any rate has a remarkable sureness in evoking the phases and idiom of difficult love. Here his uncertainty of himself is an advantage and maturity—what he calls the rot of success—has not rubbed off the crystal edges of what he remembers. Then he is excellent in the novel-like scenes. The short glimpses of London in the blitz with their unexpected revelations: the vision of security in a burning room—excellent this—the vision of a deserted London, the first fire, and how simple people trick their fears. Mr. Spender's insights are better than his arguments and he is at his best when he proceeds, as one would expect a poet to do, by vision. Like his earlier witness of Germany, this eye-witness account of himself makes the deep impression of a many-sided piece of nature wholly revealed.

V. S. PRITCHETT

WHERE MY BONES REST

Number the snaky vertebrae
Into the central mattress thrust:
Raise a knee and plant a sole!
Now my bones rest.

And ceiling-contemplative lie
Draining away the sorry dust
From brain and spinal fluid: so I
And my bones rest.

Tail and scapula and skull
Digging hollows like the beasts
Scratching needed earthworks where
All our bones rest.

Pain has its pulse, is passionate,
The body stretched upon a cross
Of its old victories and defeats,
While my bones rest.

Count then the snaky vertebrae
Into the central mattress thrust:
And raise a knee and plant a sole,
And my bones rest.

MONTAGU SLATER

FRANCO'S FRIENDS

Documents on German Foreign Policy—1918-1945. Series D, Volume III. The Spanish Civil War. *Stationery Office.* 25*s.*

There is not much to be learnt from the latest volume of documents from the German Foreign Ministry. The Spanish civil war never played an important part in German policy. The Germans had had no previous dealings with Franco; and when the rebellion started they merely gave it the casual patronage that they would give to any Fascist movement. But they took good care that it should never bring them within sight of a general war. The most serious advantage of the civil war for the Germans was that it continued and completed the estrangement of Italy from the Western Powers which the Abyssinian affair had begun. Hence they were quite prepared to act as Italy's second. It is said that the Germans got valuable military experience in Spain; this does not, of course, appear from these purely diplomatic documents. They certainly enjoyed showing off their power by an occasional bombardment of the Spanish coast; and they welcomed the chance of reasserting their equality as a Great Power which was given to them by the non-intervention committee. But England and France could have secured the victory of the Spanish republic at any time, if they had had the courage and the will to do so. As it was, the Germans drew the lesson that if the democratic Powers would not risk a war for the sake of the Western Mediterranean which was vital to them, they would certainly not risk one for the sake of Eastern Europe.

At the end of the war the Germans tried to collect a payment for their very limited assistance. They got economic concessions. These were nothing new; other things being equal, any Spanish government would prefer German to English or French economic penetration, simply because Germany was farther away and politically less dangerous. But their political gains were small—merely the prospect of Spanish neutrality which again could have been secured from any Spanish government. Franco did not become a member of the Axis; and he gave no encouragement to German designs on Morocco—he did not even support their claim to a voice at Tangier. International Fascism got a victory of prestige; Germany reaped no material advantage as a Great Power.

These are elementary conclusions to be drawn from a volume of over a thousand pages; and it is difficult to resist asking the question—is this monstrous project of publishing the records of the German Foreign Ministry really worth while? Of course, a historian should never grudge the publication of evidence; but here there is so little evidence and so much verbiage. The enterprise employs eighteen editors; and there are eight former editors who have resigned. Series D, which opened with March, 1938, is going to take seven volumes merely to get to the outbreak of war in 1939. Later there will be Series A, B and C to cover the period between 1918 and 1933. A few conscientious reviewers plough through each volume. How many other readers in the whole wide world? Not more than a hundred all told; the gigantic volumes on the best paper go to clutter up the shelves of public libraries. The original project seemed admirable. It was to prevent the Germans making a tendentious selection of documents as they did after World War I and so to make plain their responsibility for World War II. Unfortunately the German Foreign Ministry was no longer the decisive authority on foreign policy as perhaps it had been before 1914. Of course, this is also true of the British Foreign Office and even of the State Department in the days of Roosevelt. In fact these publications butter up the shaken self-esteem of British and American professional diplomats: if the German diplomatic service was important, then perhaps the British and American were important too. But you certainly cannot prove German responsibility for World War II from the archives of the German Foreign Ministry. It was not responsible for the war, because it was not responsible for anything. To judge German policy in the age of the Nazis, we need the military records which are locked up unpublished in Washington; and we need still more the non-existent records of Hitler's private conversations and decisions.

The problem of presenting and using the evidence is becoming increasingly baffling in contemporary history—and increasingly ignored. It seems to be forgotten that history—not only contemporary history, but all history—is not a game for scholars; it has a great social purpose, and it achieves this purpose only when it reaches a wide body of readers. These volumes cannot be widely read and therefore do not achieve the purpose of history; they are merely slabs of raw material, very expensively produced. I sometimes wonder whether it would not be better to make these German documents (and the British documents, too, for that matter) readily available to scholars on microfilm; and then to spend the money on subsidising readable books by leading contemporary historians. But where are the readable historians whom any government would subsidise? The worst offence a professional historian can commit is to write books that sell. The few contemporary historians who write well, such as Mr. Trevor-Roper or the great Namier, are condemned as provocative and controversial. The impartial, that is mealy-mouthed, historians are unreadable. The thing really is insoluble. At any rate if the paragon is ever found he will devote a very short chapter to German foreign policy in the Spanish civil war.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

FEELINGS ABOUT ART

Graham Sutherland. Introduction by ROBERT MELVILLE. *Ambassador Editions* 52*s.* 6*d.*

"When one looks at a picture one finds oneself over the frontier or one doesn't . . . that virtue of a painting which gives it a nameless value as a thing is not communicable through criticism, for in operating purely upon the sensibility it does not become knowledge and cannot be passed on . . ." With this confession of failure—for surely it is part of the art critic's business to transform sensibility into knowledge and pass it on?—Mr. Robert Melville opens his discussion of some recent works by Sutherland, with a warning that we are not to expect criticism from him but some kind of parallel in words, to images in form and colour. He is trying, I take it, to recreate Sutherland in another medium, to beckon us over the frontier instead of leading us across it, to describe, not necessarily what is there, but some mood induced in him by the pictures. He refuses to be cramped by ascertainable facts, by knowledge of the artist's experience, but sets himself up, perhaps too arrogantly, as an autonomous artist who, because he claims the freedom to express what he alone may feel, cannot be questioned, who happens to have taken a group of pictures—he might just as well have taken nature or love—as points of departure for haphazard ideas. And just as in poetry the reader can never complain that nature and love are not like that but is obliged to take the poet's word for it, so in this essay the questions "is this true of Sutherland? Is this borne out by the facts?" are the wrong ones to ask. But the question "how much value for others has this approach to an artist?" we are perfectly justified in asking, and in answering: "slight". And I believe the answer would always have to be the same, unless the critic were endowed, like Baudelaire or Thoré, with divine insight.

Let me give an example. In his discussion of the *Crucifixion* at St. Matthew's, Northampton, Mr. Melville informs us that Sutherland "takes the opportunity of getting into a dialectical relationship" with Matthias Grünewald, whatever that means. (Criticism of Mr. Melville's text is made all the more difficult by the obscurity of

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certain phrases, of which this is typical.) We might expect that the following paragraphs would give a clue to the debt that Sutherland owed to Grünewald, and thus to the astonishing apparition of a new religious art in the trough of a materialistic century, but this is not the case. On the contrary we are left with the impression that the picture at Northampton was painted in an aesthetic vacuum and might just as well have represented a guitar-player nailed to a cross. We are treated to a succession of subjective reactions to the Crucifixions at Colmar and Northampton which may be accurate transcriptions of Mr. Melville's feelings, but which are quite unverifiable. As I say, he cannot be contradicted for this. But surely it would have been more useful, had he given some account of the historical circumstances under which the two Crucifixions were painted, and of the different religious views held by the two artists? This might have helped the reader to understand why the Northampton picture took the form that it did. If he had gone so far as to consult Sutherland, he would have discovered that other Crucifixions painted in the past helped him towards the creation of his own: most surprisingly, one by Velazquez; and that Sutherland was quite unaware of Tuscan Crucifixes of the thirteenth century which bear an even closer resemblance to the Northampton picture than Grünewald's does. Is it not interesting that Sutherland should have arrived unconsciously at the same solution?

I daresay for a cultivated British audience, brought up on Sutherland's lyrical early landscapes, on Picassos of the *Guernica* period, on the English romantic tradition, on Klee, on Francis Bacon's recent work, this book does not present insuperable barriers. It has its virtues. There are a great many excellent illustrations of the artist's paintings and drawings between 1945 and 1950, the colour plates are adequate and the bibliography is full. But versions of Mr. Melville's text are printed in French, Spanish and Portuguese at the end of the book, which suggests that the publishers hope for a wide circulation abroad. If this is so, then there can be little justification for an evocative essay of this kind. Sutherland is too strange an artist to be assimilated without this background of knowledge, not available in Lisbon and only acquired with patience and open-mindedness by visitors to London galleries. More useful would have been a straightforward explanation of his development since the war, with comparative material, large-scale reproductions of early works, and some account of his discoveries in nature and art at home and in France, which have injected new life into his forms.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

THE CUTTING EDGE

The Lost Childhood and other Essays. By GRAHAM GREENE. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

"Every creative writer worth our consideration"—so Mr. Greene sets about a study of de la Mare's short stories—"is a victim: a man given over to an obsession." As a critic, Mr. Greene is always stalking the man with the obsession who lurks behind the finished work of art. For him the man who suffers, and the mind which creates, are always held in one view. Henry James's obsession with treachery, Saki's with cruelty, de la Mare's with death; Dickens's fascination with the dark underworld of London, the poet's vocation that drove Francis Parkinson into the labours of his history—they are traced backwards to the circumstances that caused them, forwards to the works they have shaped.

Of course Mr. Greene has his own obsession, and—as with the others he examines—it began in childhood. In the first essay, which gives the book its name, he pin-points the moment of revelation, the reading of Marjorie Bowen's *The Viper of Milan*:

> Anyway she had given me my pattern—religion might later explain it to me in other terms, but the pattern was already there—perfect evil walking the world where perfect good can never walk again, and only the pendulum ensures that after all in the end justice is done.

Balancing this personal prologue is a personal postscript, *The Revolver in the Corner Cupboard*, which describes Mr. Greene's violent technique for rescuing himself from an abyss of adolescent boredom, and his discovery that "it was possible to enjoy again the visible world by risking its total loss." What the single charge in the six-chambered revolver did then, the sense of evil has done ever since.

Certainly, in his critical writing this sense provides the cutting edge, and gives unity to pieces written for various occasions: the collection includes reviews, introductions to new editions, middles, a birthday tribute, a broadcast. Mr. Greene has never gone in for the up-to-date implements of criticism: it was with wonderful inappropriateness that Beatrix Potter once rapped him over the knuckles for being of "the Freudian school" of criticism. He goes unerringly for the revealing phrase; he produces brilliant aperçus of his own. "Suffering like literature has its juvenilia," he writes of Stevenson's letters, and of Sterne, "he had suffered so many humiliations from the world that he had to erect defences of sentiment and of small indecencies between him and it, so that he had nothing to offer us on our side of the barrier but his genius." He has a penetrating eye for the prose-writer's symbols, an interest in a novelist's technical problems as long as technique is kept to its proper place. His essay on George Darley shows an ear and sensibility that make one wish he did not usually shy away from poetry. Humour serves him very nicely for disposing of theosophists and Beverley Nichols (surely a pseudonym for "a middle-aged and maiden lady . . . connected in some way with the Church"). But it is when his profound sense of evil comes into play that we get Mr. Greene's best criticism. It serves him beautifully with other writers who have it—Mauriac and James. It makes him at home with any writer who sees life in terms of conflict even if, like Conrad and Hardy, his premises are not Mr. Greene's; even if, like John Buchan, the conflicts he presents are on a far cruder level than those of *The Power and the Glory*. It makes him hard on any writer who denies moral significance to the actions of men and women—whether, like Havelock Ellis, by pretending that no conflicts exist; or whether, like Dorothy Richardson, by transferring significance to sunsets and coffee-cups, by dwelling on feelings unrelated to concepts of good and evil. Sometimes the author under discussion turns into the classic Greene hero: the man who is himself a failure in life, but who at least knows what it is all about. Frederick Rolfe, for instance, or Ford Madox Ford:

> He had never really believed in human happiness, his middle life had been made miserable by passion, and he had come through—with his humour intact, his stock of unreliable anecdotes, the kind of enemies a man ought to have, and a half-belief in a posterity which would care for good writing.

There is more to be said for the novel of sensibility than Mr. Greene says; indeed, there is much more to be said for Henry James than he says, and the five James essays, written over fifteen years, are remarkably alike in tone and approach. Over the years Mr. Greene's range has not extended: he only sees more illustrations of his obsession. So he is not, absolutely, a great critic, for he lacks the necessary balance and diversity of interest. Nor should I call him particularly a Catholic critic. His sense of evil has been caught up in his religious sense, but it was already there, and in so far as it is now religious it does not strike one as specifically Roman Catholic. He stands on ground quite familiar to the Calvinist or the early Methodist. Indeed, I can think of two lines of Charles Wesley's—

> Till of mine Eden repossest
> From sin, and self, I cease—

that would serve very well as an epigraph to *The Lost Childhood*. There is certainly nothing in this collection of the smugness of the man who knows all the answers, and one of the tartest essays is on the orthodox, if eccentric, Eric Gill.

Sarah Gertrude Millin

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JANET ADAM SMITH

THE PROTECTIVE HUSK

The Tunnel. By ERIC WILLIAMS. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Great Escape. By PAUL BRICKHILL. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The British, on the whole, have escaped the worst of the horrors which the twentieth century has made commonplace in Europe. Few of us have known desperate hunger, or physical torture, or treks through midwinter with our families and possessions, or the helpless terror of the concentration camp. The huge majority met the dangers of war, whether at home or in the services, fortified by good equipment, by efficient organisation, and by the immense stimulus which cheerful and confident companionship can give. Wounds, danger and hardship were faced often enough, but everything possible was done to palliate them. When at the end of the war the British and American forces came into contact with the hungry faces and ludicrous armaments of the resistance fighters of Europe, they were forcibly reminded of their own strength and wealth and good fortune.

It is partly this immunity which makes stories of prison camps so interesting to those of us who were lucky enough not to have experienced them. The prisoners of war were the men who were shaken out of the powerful machine which had moved and looked after them so effectively. A wound received on patrol, a torpedoed ship, an unlucky anti-aircraft shell, and the individual was decanted from his protective husk into the world from which it had kept him isolated—the world of hopeless hunger and imprisonment and fear. How did the men feel, if they were still alive, whose aircraft was posted missing when the rest of the squadron roared home to eggs and bacon in the mess? Eric Williams describes it: the damp struggle through the German forests, the cold, the fever, the capture by an elderly and benevolent village policeman, the solitary confinement, and at last the prison camp itself. And what were these prison camps *like?* In answering this question Mr. Williams excels. Inevitably most of the books which deal with prison camps are escape literature; prison life is sketched only as a grim and neutral background to the vivid excitements of the break-out. But Mr. Williams wrote all this out of himself in *The Wooden Horse*, and in *The Tunnel* he attempts something far more difficult: the description of the boring humdrum of camp routine, of which escape attempts form only a constituent if a major part. Only Mr. Robert Kee has succeeded so well in conveying the atmosphere of boredom and excitement, courage and despair, comradeship and mutual detestation of which prison life seems to have been composed. The men squabbled, thought about food, dreamed about women, studied for degrees, produced plays, planned escapes, and waged a ceaseless and apparently successful war on their jailers with all the gusto of schoolboys persecuting unpopular masters. Were German prisoners in our hands, one wonders, equally successful in making life hell for the unfortunates guarding them?

But Mr. Williams does not really answer the question of how Englishmen reacted to the catastrophic conditions of Europe, for he emphasises continually the remarkable degree to which British prisoners were able to recreate their protective husk. It was partly a matter of courage and determination; but it was partly also a question of more material help. "You English do not realise," cries a Polish prisoner in *The Tunnel*, "You say the German is not too bad. Perhaps he is not—to you. You have the Red Cross, and you have many German prisoners. Do you think that the nations who have not these things are treated in the same way as you?" And the narrator wondered, thought of the Russian prisoners he had seen, "starved, worked to death, hoarding their dead for the extra rations. The concentration camps. The prisoners there were Germans themselves. They did not have Red Cross parcels. What would he and the others be like without them? How would they behave?"

The Great Escape deals with the problem more directly. Mr. Brickhill devotes three-quarters of his narrative to a description of the planning and execution of the biggest prison break of the war. Three tunnels were dug, each thirty feet deep, with underground railways and workshops. A tailor shop turned out hundreds of German uniforms and civilian suits, a forging establishment manufactured masses of passes, the entire camp was organised as one vast security and intelligence organisation under a supreme director, who planned to pass 220 men through the tunnel on the night of the escape. It is an amazing story, and Mr. Brickhill tells it very well indeed. The characters are distinctively and unobtrusively drawn, the recreated dialogue rings true, and the impetus of the narrative never flays for a moment. There were setbacks and disasters: one tunnel was discovered by the Germans, another proved too short; of the 220 men ready to escape, only 76 got away; but they were enough to force the Germans to organise the entire nation in the biggest man-hunt of the war.

It was this escape which made the Germans withdraw from British and American prisoners the blanket of preferential treatment which had till then distinguished them from their allies of Eastern Europe. The lucky 76 were escaping, not merely from Stalag Luft III, but from a privileged caste—a caste still treated as human beings. On recapture they were not sent back to "the cooler": they were collected from local police cells, not by guards who could be bribed with tobacco, but by sinister strangers in civilian clothes, wearing heavy overcoats with belts, and black felt hats pulled down over their eyes. Of the 76, all save two were recaptured; 41 were shot. The bullets which killed them extinguished the last dim afterglow of honour between armies which still lingered in Western Europe.

The last part of *The Great Escape* was written after long study of German documents and allied police investigations, and no doubt it can stand as an authoritative record of the affair. Mr. Brickhill has given his subject the patient research and the careful, unemotional writing which it deserved. The impact is all the more effective.

MICHAEL HOWARD

NEW SHORT STORIES

The Assyrian. By WILLIAM SAROYAN. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Traveller's Samples. By FRANK O'CONNOR. *Macmillan.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Travelling Grave. By L. P. HARTLEY. *James Barrie.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Saroyan prefaces his new collection of short stories with a curious essay entitled *The Writer on the Writing*. This hotchpotch of horse-sense and nonsense, of platitudes and padding, purports to explain his methods; it is most revealing. One of Mr. Saroyan's odder beliefs is that what "blocked creation was carefulness" and that it was therefore up to him to establish a "tradition of carelessness." "I just wanted to say the same

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words I was saying when I talked." He then assures the reader that, as Mr. Saroyan is "the best company I know," whatever he says must be fascinating. Alas, among contemporary writers, Mr. Saroyan is, or rather has become, one of the most loquacious bores. That other (and inspired) bore, Gertrude Stein, whom Saroyan so often apes, at least had an ear for speech rhythms; what is more she had some measure of self-control. But Mr. Saroyan is more like the professional story-teller under the *peepul* tree, droning on whimsically, sentimentally, childishly—endlessly. In the past he used to stem, or at any rate strain, the floods of his burbling; but no longer. This is presumably "the form of formlessness" which he describes as his aim.

The title story is the only one of this new batch to recall the fresh, astringent wit and naive sort of humanity which distinguished the best of Mr. Saroyan's early work. Although *The Assyrian* rambles inconsequentially, it is not sloppy. A Saroyan-like writer, an American of Assyrian parentage, arrives in Lisbon, meets another Assyrian (who bears a curious resemblance to Gulbenkian), wins and loses all his money gambling, has a stroke and finally goes off to die in the land of his fathers. This, says Mr. Saroyan, is the only story in this collection which "takes a real chance." He is right. He also thinks it "the least effective of the lot as art," a curious phrase to choose. Yet it is honest and credible; one feels that Mr. Saroyan has suffered a little, pondered a little and, above all, worked. The rest of the volume consists of whimsy tales of Assyrian and Armenian *emigrés* in America and of sweet-sour relationships with which Saroyan's sentimental fathers drench their sons. There is also *The Poet at Home*, a sickly confection about a nice vague Bohemian household, which illustrates Mr. Saroyan's conception of a writer (I quote from his preface) as a man who "should tell jokes, sing, dance, make fun for himself, take part in games . . ." though "he should not go in for sports" or "calisthenics," nor should he ever "strike a woman for getting her sexual hunger identified with socialised medicine."

As their title, *Traveller's Samples*, might imply, Mr. O'Connor's stories are not burdened with pretensions. These tight, neat, humorous anecdotes of Irish life are models of their kind. They come in three varieties: "the first section deals with children in the Irish slums; the second with grown-ups in the Irish provinces; the third with the Irish in England rejoicing in their new-found personal freedom." The first are, to my mind, the most successful, because Mr. O'Connor is perceptive and free of sentiment where children are concerned; also they are written in the first person and that suits him best. Take *The Idealist*: about a boy who is so inspired by the heroic deeds of Frank Merry and his like, that he imitates them. But, as one might imagine, the impact of his paragons' methods on the tough life of an Irish council school is disastrous. How much more telling and how much more funny is Mr. O'Connor's study of the relationship between father and son in *The Drunkard* than any of Saroyan's lucubrations on the same subject!

Without greatly enjoying Mr. Hartley's novels, I have usually respected their qualities, but his ghost stories are very damp fireworks. They are all thoroughly conventional, and even the spooks—the stranger in the black cape who leaves a trail of icicles, the beautiful girl with the fatal embrace, the love-lorn suicide and, of course, the "it," too terrible to be described—are all dear old friends like the stock contraptions in a ghost train. None mystifies, none alarms, each is a cliché. This is strange in Mr. Hartley, an accomplished writer. After all, the ingredients of Mr. O'Connor's stories could hardly be more conventional; but these are almost always saved from banality by unpredictable little twists. Mr. Hartley also disappoints in another way. As a rule he is at great pains to present his characters in the round and mostly he succeeds. But in these ghost stories live characters have as little substance as phantoms. The "I's" and other dim people who undergo these experiences are no more real than their progenitors—clubmen, country-house guests, antique-dealers, lawyers—who were the inevitable raconteurs of eerie, Edwardian yarns.

It is impossible to read these stories of Mr. Hartley's without being reminded of M. R. James and inevitably one compares the two. James, like all good writers in this vein, tied his stories tightly to reality. His human beings were endowed with life, not just a set of characteristics, and were planted deep in some mundane place—a common-room, a golf-course, a cosy rectory—which emphasised by contrast the creepiness of the phantom world. Likewise those odd stories of the other, greater, James. How often he leads one along some familiar corridor, only to let a spook loose at the end! *Owen Wingrave*, for example: the background is all the more authentic, and smells all the stronger of life, for being set off against the supernatural and vice versa. The only one of Mr. Hartley's collection to raise in me a faint chill was the title story which was distinguished from the rest by a ghoulish plot which I have not hitherto encountered. It concerns a collector of coffins whose pride is a mobile affair that breaks your back, packs you in and buries itself with you inside it "in wood in three minutes and in newly turned earth . . . in one."

JOHN RICHARDSON

CICERO UNDER ATTACK

Cicero: The Secrets of his Correspondence. By JEROME CARCOPINO. *Routledge.* 42*s.*

The distinguished author of *Daily Life in Ancient Rome* shows in his new book qualities which are certainly remarkable. Few people can go back two thousand years into history and visit with such undeviating hatred the figure of a statesman so remote in time as Cicero. Not Clodius himself, in one of his more outspoken moods, could, one imagines, match the thoroughness and the fervour of Jerome Carcopino's indictment. Most readers of Cicero have found fault with him from time to time. Jerome Carcopino is unique in not allowing him even a shred of even one virtue, and in attributing to him almost every vice. If Cicero saves money, then he is parsimonious. If he spends it, then he is extravagant. If he dines with an actress, he is a libertine. If he does not, he is a snob. When he accepts his fees from his clients, he is grasping. When he hands over a cargo of grain (a present to him from the Sicilians) to the Roman people, he is acting entirely from political motives. In this last instance, this is no doubt true; but the effect of the whole argument by this time is such that the reader knows quite well that whatever Cicero had done with the grain, he would quite certainly have committed some crime or other in the eyes of his unrelenting pursuer.

So throughout two volumes this Roman statesman is harried with all the slings and arrows which scholarship can devise and hatred employ. The effect is, to my mind, unconvincing, much as one may admire the sheer vigour of the attack. No one, we feel, can have been quite so bad as this. Occasionally Cicero must have meant roughly what he said. Is it really so very bad to trust one's friend's opinion in the buying of statues? Certainly one was prepared to admit that Cicero was vain, vacillating and pompous. Yet, granted these defects, most of his readers have discovered other qualities as well—a certain charm in his self-revelation, something almost endearing in his fussiness and in his vanity. Then, too, there is the undeniable fact of the greatness of his prose style. Nor, I think, can one concede the point that the private and political life of a writer should always be on a level with the sentiments which he expresses. Vain and hypocritical as Cicero may have been, one would rather have his political speeches and moral essays than anything of the same sort from Tiberius Gracchus or from Cato.

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But the main point of this study of Cicero's correspondence is not precisely denigration. Jerome Carcopino seeks to prove that the correspondence was published at the instigation of Octavian in the period before Actium, and that the purpose of the publication was propagandist. It was intended that Cicero should condemn himself in his own words, that the public should receive the impression of a monster of vice and disloyalty and should rally to the new power of Octavian.

The arguments in favour of this view are deployed with urgency and thoroughness. I lack both the scholarship and the space to discuss them here. One general criticism, and that perhaps a decisive one, must however be made. Though we are informed that "There was a touch of genius in such propaganda—perhaps the most masterly propaganda ever yet conceived" there seems to be no evidence of its having had the effect designed until, after a lapse of two thousand years, its full force was exercised upon Jerome Carcopino.

REX WARNER

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

(Concluded)

Chamber Music and Piano. BEETHOVEN: Violin Sonata, C minor, Op. 30, No. 2; Rondo, G major; BRAHMS: *Sonatensatz* (Rostal/Osborn. *LK 4034). Greatly as I admire the Schneiderhan/Wührer set (Col) of this work, I must confess that the latest version is possibly even better—the performance noble and finely controlled, the balance excellent, the tone strikingly beautiful. It was a good idea to include the Brahms *Sonatensatz*, a serious and interesting piece which is rarely heard. HAYDN: Quartet, C major, Op. 76, No. 3 (Amadeus Qt. C 4066-8). A very well-recorded set, but I have heard more sensitive playing than this from the Amadeus Quartet. In the first movement, for instance, they seem to me to mistake violence for vigour; I was irked by the constantly strenuous bowing. The famous Variations, however, are beautifully played, and the set as a whole is bound to give much pleasure. SCHUMANN: Violin Sonata, A minor, Op. 105; DVORAK: Four Romantic Pieces (Kaufman/Balsam. *CCL 7506). A vigorous but not finely shaded performance. Balance and recording excellent. SCHUMANN: *Fantaisiestücke*, Op. 12 (Jacqueline Blancard. *LM 4532). This record brings some of the best piano tone I have heard on L.P. Mlle Blancard plays these romantic pieces in a most intelligent manner that combines exuberance with precision, and deals skilfully with the sometimes rather congested writing. SCHUBERT: Impromptu, B flat major (Cyril Smith. DX 8372-3). The most recent recordings of these heavenly Variations have been unhappy: Mme Lili Kraus pulled them to pieces and Mr. Smith, though he shows better control, seems to me miscast. He plays the work in an emphatic, uneasy fashion which robs it of its lyrical charm. The fill-up, Schumann's *Romance* in F sharp major, is beautifully rendered. DEBUSSY: Nocturne, D flat major (Gieseking. LB 105). An early work—pretty enough, but quite uncharacteristic. Gieseking plays it with a gentle and nonchalant grace. The recording is a little tubby. PAGANINI: *Caprices*, Op. 1 (Ricci. *LK 4025). Ruggiero Ricci displays astounding virtuosity in those Caprices which call for acrobatics, but where sustained notes are involved the falsity of intonation is blood-curdling. I am inclined to lay this at the violinist's door, but cannot be sure that the engineering is not also to blame.

Vocal. MOZART: *Così fan tutte*—"Soava sia il vento" and "Come scoglio" (Jurinac/Borriello/Thebom/Glyndebourne Orch/Busch. DB 21118). This record imposes itself, for no other available version of "Come scoglio" (not even Suzanne Danco's) is as well sung; and the accord of the voices in the Trio—surely one of the most poetic moments in Mozartian opera—is a joy to listen to. It must, however, be added that the recording (made from tape) is never free from a hazy edge which on high notes becomes definitely unpleasant. VERDI: *Traviata*—"Addio del passato"; PUCCINI: *Madame Butterfly*—"Un bel di" (Schwarzkopf. LX 1370). This disc will please all who love the music, as well as those who admire Elisabeth Schwarzkopf. Her singing of the "Addio" (I wish she had included the recitative, though that would have meant omitting one verse of the aria) is genuinely affecting, and she manages "Un bel di" without any sense of strain. This is one of the most satisfying records she has made. VERDI: *Trovatore*—"Tacea la notte"; PUCCINI: *Tosca*—"Vissi d'arte" (Tebaldi. X 324). This gifted but faulty soprano gives what is probably now the best available version of "Vissi d'arte"; but even here, and still more in the Verdi aria, her high notes are uncomfortable, and in that difficult region between E and A in the treble loud tone becomes a squeal. Balance and recording good. PUCCINI: *Bohème*—"Che gelida manina"; *Turandot*—"Non piangere, Liu" (Conley. X 402). Eugene Conley has a fine, robust organ, but appears not to possess a highly developed artistic sense. "Non piangere, Liu" (one of the most beautiful passages in *Turandot*) is admirably sung, but his forceful rendering of "Che gelida manina" is crude and thoughtless. SCHUBERT: *Nacht und Träume; Auf dem Wasser zu singen* (Seefried. LB 106). To my mind this is a deeply uninteresting performance. That profound song, *Nacht und Träume*, needs far more careful expression and tonal variation than Irmgard Seefried accords it. *Auf dem Wasser zu singen* is made to seem too long, and for once Gerald Moore handles the accompaniment with less than his usual delicacy.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

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Set by Arachne McLeod

Competitors are invited to write a chatty paragraph in the style of the Diaries in the evening papers about the personalities or events of 1851. Limit 150 words. Entries by April 24.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,100

Set by Naomi Lewis

The Municipal Court at Boston, Massachusetts, has ruled that a local school was justified in dismissing its English teacher on the grounds of reading "profane and obscene material" to its classes. The material read included *The Journey of the Magi* by T. S. Eliot, *Sumer is icumen in*, and a poem by Ezra Pound. Competitors are invited to submit the report of a similar committee on any poem in *The Golden Treasury* or *The Oxford Book of English Verse*, explaining why it is unsuitable for school use.

Report by Naomi Lewis

Appalled to discover the excesses of our own early reading, we pass on—where it is not too late—a selection of our researchers' findings. (The really valuable work was done, needless to say, on poems *apparently harmless*.) The suggestion of "licensed incest" in "No sister flower would be forgiven if it disdained its brother" was usefully noted by G. K. "I wandered lonely as a cloud" was also criticised: "I TOOK A BRISK WALK WITH A DEFINITE OBJECT would set a far better example to youthful readers." (Nancy Gunter). One teacher agreed to withdraw *The Blessèd Damosel* in favour of *The Reaper*, "a poem extolling the loyal land-girl, who, tho' single-handed, goes gaily about her work of National importance." (P. M.). In *La Belle Dame Sans Merci* an objection was made to the *fragrant zone*—"a phrase to which none of us could put a precise meaning," and to the fact that "the young woman was *French*" (Edward Blishen). "The poem (*Cupid and Campaspe*) is offensive to me," another asserts, "because the poet and the girl he admires do not seem to be even engaged." (Granville Garley). Prizes are shared between the four printed. Honourably mentioned: G. K., K. A. Holker, James Y. Finlayson, Frank A. Ward, V. S. Prooth, Margaret Usborne, K. S. Hopkins, D. L. L. Clarke.

BEN JONSON: *Drink to me only*

It is hard to imagine how this poem, with its sultry atmosphere of "wine, women, and song," ever managed to be included in a school textbook. Young minds can only be confused and corrupted by the cynical inversion of the normal, decent associations of words—"pledge" should surely suggest temperance, rather than love-making and carousing.

Children are notoriously quick to pick up ideas, and it must be doubly hard for any staff to inculcate habits of hygiene in connection with morning milk in face of exhortations to "leave but a kiss within the cup." Nor, in view of last year's crop of epidemics, should they be encouraged to "breathe" upon each other's gifts and "send them back."

The whole poem reeks of paganism, sensuality, and blasphemous idolatry. It is not surprising that even in the broad-minded Elizabethan age the writer had perforce to safeguard himself from censure by the pretence that it was only a translation.

E. M.

WORDSWORTH: *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality* . . . . There are speculations on the origin of Man and his relation to the Deity which do not have the authority of Holy Writ. The running undercurrent of agnosticism[1] makes the frequent invocation of the Almighty insincere and objectionable. . . .

Apart from the regrettable verbal association of the title with the words "intimacy" and "immorality" there is at least one overt reference to prostitution[2] and another to homosexuality[3]. An implicit allusion to anaesthesia[4] and the various mentions of nudity[5] we feel are most indelicate. There is also an insinuation that chastity is an unhealthy state[6].

Another passage postulates the inevitability of juvenile delinquency[7] and, although the reference to condign punishment to some extent redeems this, a previous exhortation to boisterous behaviour[8] cannot be overlooked. There is a description which is calculated to stimulate a morbid retrogression in the psychologically immature child[9] on the one hand and to encourage the unduly precocious[10] on the other. . . .

References:

1 "But for those obstinate questionings. . . .
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realised."

2 "And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday."

3 "The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat."

4 "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting."

5 "Look round her when the heavens are bare. . . ."
"And not in utter nakedness. . . ."

6 ". . . the grave is as a lonely bed."

7 "Shades of the prison-house begin to close upon
the growing Boy."

8 "Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou
happy Shepherd-boy."

9 "A six years' darling of a pigmy size. . .
Fretted with sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes."

10 ". . . fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love and strife."

LAKON

JOHN GAY: *Blacheyed Susan*

The Committee is grateful to Admiral Sir Jobson Board (Ret.) for pointing out certain unpleasant implications in the above poem. At a time when the Navy is doing its best to attract young men of intelligence and ambition it is certainly undesirable that boys in our schools should be presented with a distorted picture of life in the Senior Service.

In the poem a sailor is depicted as returning from a voyage of some duration only to find his ship under orders to proceed immediately to the Far East. As Admiral Board points out, and the Admiralty has kindly confirmed, any man in such circumstances would be entitled to a period of shore leave with a travel warrant. Even more unpleasant is the suggestion in the poem that a young woman would be encouraged to board one of His Majesty's vessels. On this head the Admiralty points out that any member of the public wishing to inspect a warship should take advantage of the opportunity afforded by one of the numerous Navy Weeks during the summer.

After deliberation the Committee has decided to list the poem as Unfit for Youthful Consumption. At their next meeting they will consider *Going Downhill on a Bicycle* to which their attention has been called by the National Safety First Association.

GOODWILL

KEATS: *La Belle Dame sans Merci*

. . . In particular your committee feel it incumbent upon them to comment on the pernicious sentiments embodied in the ballad by J. Keats. Your committee are informed on good authority that the title of this piece may be read as "The Lady who was Beautiful but Ungrateful." Having regard to the growth of ingratitude among the poorer classes of our own time we feel that this is scarcely the type of person to be set as an example before the younger generation.

As loyal citizens also we object to the suggestion that a member of the forces may be easily enticed from his duty by the unseemly allurements of a female: the fact that she is a "faery's child" and therefore a mere figment of an untutored fancy serves to make the idea more repugnant.

In these days of world upheaval, when it is vital that our nation shall be able to negotiate from a position of strength, it is to the young that we look to maintain that position. Yet it is more than probable that the child may get the wrong impression about the conditions of military service from lines like these describing a march-past;

"I saw their starved lips in the gloam
With horrid warning gapèd wide."

We are indebted to Mr. Jenks of the Corporation for pointing out that the soldier's habit of bedding-down on a bare hillside may influence the children in a way which would be detrimental to the standard of conduct in our public parks. . . .

E. V. LEITCH

CHESS: The Champion's Favourites

No. 80

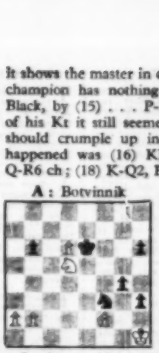
Since our reigning champion is battling to defend his title it seems doubly topical to quote from a lecture he gave the other day celebrating the hundredth anniversary of Tchigorin's birthday. He pays due homage to his late compatriot and proceeds to speak about contemporary Chess. He praises "the Stakhanovesk attitude so characteristic for Soviet chess players," but he seems to be not uncritical of Chess in the Western World. "It is in a miserable state," he says; "it is passing through that grave crisis so typical for any form of capitalist culture. In our days not a single talented master has come to the fore in countries such as Great Britain, U.S.A., France, Switzerland, Holland. They all show remarkable symptoms of decay and retrogression in the art of Chess. . . ."

Well, we may find it more pleasing and certainly more instructive to hear what the champion has to say on Tchigorin. One of his favourites is the master's famous endgame won against Tarrasch at

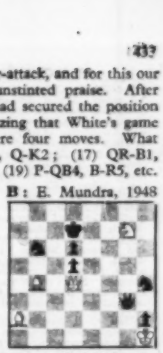
Budapest, 1896. Alas, I haven't space to print it. As for this position which Tchigorin (White) reached against Steinitz in 1892, Botvinnik's comment is interesting. He praises the winner for his adventurously imaginative treatment of the position; but—just like Lasker before him—he maintains that Tchigorin could and should have won the game by less daring if less melodramatic methods. What actually happened, of course, was the Kt sacrifice at B7, followed by P-K6 to pull the K into the open, and by Kt-K5 to keep him there, exposed to a fierce, if perhaps not quite sound, attack.

As for this position—reached by Tchigorin (Black) on the 15 move of his game against R. Teichmann at Cambridge Springs, 1904—it shows the master in counter-attack, and for this our champion has nothing but unstinted praise. After Black, by (15) . . . P-Kt4, had secured the position of his Kt it still seemed amazing that White's game should crumple up in a mere four moves. What happened was (16) KR-Kt1, Q-K2; (17) QR-B1, Q-R6 ch; (18) K-Q2, P-Kt5; (19) P-QB4, B-R5, etc.

A: Botvinnik



B: E. Mundra, 1948



In this week's competition it seems fitting for the champion to be given pride of place. Though it has all the subtleties of a study **A** is a position which actually occurred in a game. Where and against whom, I will not reveal so as not to make things too easy for competitors fortunate enough to have every major tournament book at their elbows. I will merely say that White (injudiciously banking on the power of united passed pawns) has just moved his Kt to Q5, and that Black (Botvinnik) proceeds to win most forcibly and elegantly. It is not too difficult, and for a complete analysis 6 points might be as fair a rating as for **B**, a neat little study: White to move and draw.

Usual prizes. Entries by April 23.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set March 24

A: (a) (1) R x P, B x R, (2) Kt-B3, etc. (b) (1) P x P, B-K6, (2) R-Kt4, B-Kt4, (3) R-R4 ch, etc. (c) (1) R-Kt7, B-K6, (2) R-Kt1, B-Kt4, (3) R-R1 ch, B-R5, (4) R-R2, etc. [if (1) . . . B-Kt8, (2) R-Kt1, B-R7, (3) R-Kt, K-R5, (4) K-Kt6, etc.].

B: (a) (1) . . . P-R4, (2) P-B3, B-R2 mate. (b) (1) . . . K-Kt2, (2) P-R5, K-R3, etc. (c) (1) . . . B-R2, (2) P-R5, P-B3, (3) P-R6, P-B4, (4) P-B3, P-B5 mate.

C: R: (1) R-K6, K-Q4, (2) B-B5, K-Q5, (3) Kt-Kt6, K-Q4, (4) Kt-B4 ch, K-Q5, (5) R-R4 mate. B: (1) R-K6, K-Q4, (2) B-R2 ch, K-Q5, (3) Kt-B3 ch, K-Q6, (4) B-Kt1 mate. Kt: (1) R-K7, K-Q4, (2) B-K4 ch, any (3) Kt-B5 mate.

D: The Black K should be on his KB6 to be mated by 0-0 but not on QB8 which (since the White K hasn't moved) is unapproachable.

E: (1) R (7)-B5, B x QR, (2) B-Kt6, etc. [if (1) . . . B x KR, (2) B-Kt5, etc. Other moves: (2) B-R4 or B-R5 respectively].

F: (1) P-Q7, K-K2, (2) R-Kt8, B x P, (3) R-R8, P queens, (4) P queens ch, K x Q, (5) B-R6 ch, B-Kt1! (6) B x Q, K-B2, (7) B-R6, P-K7! (8) B x P, K-Kt2, (9) B-B3! etc.

G: (1) B-Kt7, R-R2, (2) K-Kt4, K x Kt, (3) K-R5, Kt-B4, (4) B x B, R x P ch, (5) K-Kt5, R-R7, (6) B-K5, R-KR7, (7) B-B4, Kt-Q5, (8) B-K3, R-B4 ch, (9) K-Kt4, R-Q4, (10) K-B4, K-Kt3, (11) K-K4, K-B4, (12) K-Q3, etc.

I want to express my admiration for competitors who must have spent all their Easter leisure on this Marathon. The intricacies of **F** and **G** proved quite a stumbling block. First prize most deservedly shared by D. E. Cohen and C. Sandberg, who got everything completely right. O. A. W. Dilke, M. Kaye, F. R. Oliver, A. J. Roycroft have dropped so few points (on so minor aspects) that I have doubled the consolation prize to make it worth sharing between them. One or two duals in **C** were given full marks.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

CENTRAL Office of Information. Temporary Senior Information Officer required for Research Section of Social Survey Division. Candidates should be graduates with knowledge of statistics and practical experience of organisation and reporting of research preferably in fields of Health and Housing. Knowledge of research, requirements of Government Departments an advantage. Salary £900-£1,075 (men) and £775-£910 (women). Written applications giving date of birth and education. Full details of qualifications and experience of posts held (including dates) should be addressed to Appointments Officer, Ministry of Labour and National Service, 1-6 Tavistock Sq., W.C.1, quoting reference number J.N.37, within 14 days of appearance of this advertisement. In no circumstances should original testimonials be forwarded. Only candidates selected for interview will be advised.

THE Civil Service Commissioners invite applications from men and women for the following permanent and pensionable posts in the Inspectorate of the Home Office Children's Department: (1) One post of Deputy Chief Inspector. Preference will be given to candidates who hold a university degree or equivalent qualification with a post-graduate diploma in social work or education or have had other comparable training and have had such practical experience as fits them for a responsible administrative post. The post carries a fixed salary of £1,750 for a man or £1,575 for a woman. (2) About eight posts of Inspector Grade II. Preference will be given to candidates between the ages of 28 and 40 who hold a university degree or a diploma or certificate in social science or domestic science or institutional management, or who have taken other recognised training in social or educational work; account will be taken of experience of residential establishments for children, of boarding out, of work in child guidance clinics, and of family case work or health visitors' work. The salary scale in London for a man is £700×£25–£900, and for a woman £575×£25–£775; limits will be at the minimum of the scale. Salaries for posts outside London are somewhat lower. The main duty of the Inspectorate, which is organized in six regions in England and Wales, is inspection of the arrangements made for the care of children in foster homes, children's homes and residential nurseries, and in approved schools. Further particulars and application forms from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 400/51. Completed application forms must be returned by April 26, 1951.

UNIVERSITY College of Hull. Applications are invited for a Lecturer in Economics. Salary range £550 (or for initial University appointment £500)×£50–£1,100, with superannuation benefits and children's allowances. Particulars from the Registrar, to whom applications (four copies) should be sent not later than 28th April, 1951.

UNIVERSITY of Durham. The Durham Colleges. Board for Extra-Mural Studies. The Council of the Durham Colleges invites applications for the post of Temporary Staff Tutor for Extra-Mural Classes. The salary scale is £500 per annum rising by annual increments of £50 (with F.S.S.U. Superannuation and Family Allowances). Applicants should state which of the following subjects they can offer: History, Sociology, Psychology. Applications should be sent not later than April 21, 1951, to the Secretary, 36 North Bailey, Durham, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

CITY and County of Bristol. Department of Public Health. Mental Health Service. Supervisor of the Occupation Centre for Mental Defectives. Applications are invited for the post of Supervisor of the Mental Defectives Occupation Centre at Marlborough Hill, Bristol. The Centre, which has been established for many years, is attended daily by one hundred and fifty pupils, being one of the largest of its kind in the country. It is a training ground for those wishing to take special qualifications in the Mental Health sphere and is visited frequently by professional groups from overseas. This appointment should appeal especially to those who have already spent some years in the teaching of mental defectives and wish to take a senior post carrying with it greater responsibility. Candidates should be under 45 years of age. The appointment will be permanent subject to passing a medical examination and to the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937. National Joint Council Conditions of Service will apply. Salary Grade APT III £450×£15–£495 per annum. Canvassing will disqualify. Applications, on forms to be obtained from the undersigned, should be submitted forthwith. R. H. Parry, Medical Officer of Health, Central Health Clinic, Tower Hill, Bristol. 2.

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ORGANISING Secretary required for Anglo-Israeli organisation in professional field. Salary £800 p.a. onwards. Apply with details of education, previous exp. and copies of testimonials. Box 2819.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

TURNSTILE Press require shorthand-typist for book publishing office. Must be competent, intelligent, young and able to tackle varied routine duties. Publishing or similar experience preferred. Write or 'phone immediately Turnstile Press, Ltd., 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. HOLborn 8471.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in History with special interests in Medieval History. Salary scale £450 to £500 per annum with membership of the F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than April 28th, 1951, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

THE Farmers Weekly req. a feature writer and reporter specialising in arable farming. Previous exp. of journalism not essential. Salary about £750 a year according to qualifications. Contributory pension scheme. Applications giving full details and enclosing copies of two recent refs. should be made to the Editor, 43 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.4.

BOROUGH of Swindon. Appointment of Public Relations Assistant. Applications are invited for the appointment of Public Relations Assistant in the Town Clerk's Department, at a salary in accordance with A.P.T. Grade IV of the National Scales (£480 to £525 per annum). Applicants should have a knowledge of local government administration and be capable organisers. The appointment is subject to the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937, and to the passing of a medical examination and will be terminable on one month's notice on either side. Applications, on forms obtainable from me, must be returned not later than April 21, 1951. Canvassing will be a disqualification. D. Murray John, Town Clerk, Civic Offices, Swindon.

NUFFIELD Provincial Hospitals Trust. Secretarial Assistant required for the team making an investigation into the functions and design of hospitals. Salary for the appointment, which may last up to two years, within the scale of £343 to £455. Applications in writing, stating age, qualifications and experience, and the names of two referees, should be sent to the Secretary, Nuffield Provincial Hospitals Trust, 12-13 Mecklenburgh Square, London, W.C.1, to be received by April 25.

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SUMMER SCHOOLS

ISRAEL: The World Zionist Organisation Youth Dept. invites applications for (a) the Third Israel Summer Institute (in association with the Hebrew University), July 12-August 24. Programme; 3 weeks in Jerusalem with lecture discussions, excursions, social events, etc., 10-day comprehensive tour and 12 days in agricultural settlements. (b) the Annual Work and Study camps July-August, 1 week tour, 1 week discussion seminars, 3 weeks in agricultural settlements. Travel by air or sea. Apply in writing only to J.E.T.O., 8 Milk Street, E.C.1.

A "FOREIGN Holiday in England."." At my house parties near Oxford and Windsor or in Somerset by the sea, you will be able to enjoy a gay, informal holiday in a Continental atmosphere. You will have every opportunity to meet visitors from abroad, to brush up your foreign languages (language classes and exchange), visit Festival of Britain centres and events. Tennis, bathing, riding, discussions, dancing. July 13th-September 1st. Full details from Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. Ken. 0911.

SCHOLARSHIPS

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WILLIAM Temple College. Applications are invited for entry to this Theological College in October, 1951. The College offers 2 Year, 1 Year and Short Courses in the Christian Faith and contemporary society. Bursaries are available for students from the William Temple Memorial Fund, for further particulars apply: The Principal, William Temple College, Hawarden, Nr. Chester.

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PERSONAL

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PERSONAL—*continued*

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FOR Summer Season. Small wooden bungalow on Cornish Coast. Excellent cooking and heating facilities. Furnished. Ideal for two people who appreciate a simple and unlooked-upon life. Box 2305.

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PERSONAL—*continued*

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THE NUS Summer Programme includes tours to the Edinburgh Festival (8 days, including tickets to 7 Festival performances: £7 7s. 6d.). Tours to Greece and Turkey (4 weeks including air travel): from £65; air transportation only to Athens and Istanbul available also). Study Tours of the United States (9 weeks including transatlantic air travel: from £130). Further details from NUS Travel Dept., 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

HOLIDAYS in Austria: Would you like an inexpensive holiday amongst the Austrian mountains and lakes together with a small group of university and professional people or independently? Come to our "Austrian Evening" on May 2 and get new ideas. Austrian Songs, Film Show and Travel Forum on "Austrian Holidays." Details of this and of our holiday arrangements: Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

A LIST of unusual travel opportunities under various non-profit Organisations may be obtained from E.T.A., care of I.S.S., 59, Gloucester Place, W.1. Rome and N. Italy 29gns. Also Italian Art Tour. Naples and Sicily, Mediterranean Spain, Alpine Flora. All 15 days.

IF you are young (under 40) join our Tyrol-Stubai party July 21-Aug. 6, 17½ days £28, party by air, £29/10s. Dr. Beer, 154, Westbourne Gr., W.11.

FLOWERS, good food, good company. Small escorted party Amsterdam, Whitsun. Plane or 1st class boat 19-20gns., including excursions. Also escorted party Paris 17-20 gns. Allways Travel Service, 17 Sicilian Avenue, W.C.1. Chan. 6436/7.

HOLIDAYS in France with a difference. Courleys-a-Mer, nr. Royan (Atlantic coast), vacs. in small party leaving May 12. Other parties and independent deps. throughout summer. Paris, interesting 10-day tour at time of July 14 and 2,000th anniversary celebrations; party leaving July 13. Also attractive prog. for pay guests. Details: Mrs. Robertson, 61 Fellows Road, N.W.3. PRI. 1370.

AMERICA—Transportation only, from £50 return. Sailings S.S. Charlton Star chartered by The Open Road, Inc. Rotterdam, Southampton, Montreal, from May 10-Oct. Write International Travel & Study Commn., 2 Littlegate, Oxford, for details.

FELLOW travellers invited to join holiday parties in Italy, Switzerland, France and Austria, or to proceed in splendid isolation. Harold Ingham, 15 St. John's Rd., Harrow Harrow 1040.

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INSTANTANEOUS French from a few minutes' daily play with Vocabulex cards. 6s. 6d., Florestan Co., 36 Downside Rd., Sutton, Surrey.

P.S. Who on earth is the man who made such good travel arrangements for Brian in Italy last year? I know he works from 15 St John's Road, Harrow.

P.P.S. Of course, his name is Harold Ingham—a name to remember. He answers to it at Harrow 1040

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REQUIRED by Sept., for at least two years, 2-3-roomed flat with kitchen, etc., within 2 miles radius S. Kensington or close London University. Prof. Read. Box 2477.

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READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: British Film Institute Monthly Bulletins, No. 1 (1934) to date, in binders, with many pamphlets; Italian Linguaphone-type records scarcely used, £5; Casual Boxing Gloves; Skating boots, size 11½, best offers; Battery wireless set £2; Typewriter, standard 4-bank. Stamp Collection (legacy).

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ENTERTAINMENTS

SHAKESPEARE Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon. 92nd Season. Evenings 7.30. Matinees, Wed. & Sat., 2.30. All seats bookable. 2s. 6d.-12s. 6d.

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Evgs. (ex Mon.), 7. Sat. & Sun. 5 & 8. Fay Compton, "Intimate Relations." Membership 5s. yearly.

ASIAN Institute, 17 Irving St., Leicester Sq., W.C.2. WHI. 3678. "The Post Office," a play by Rabindranath Tagore. Nine performances only, from May 8. Adm. 3s. 6d. and 5s. Advance bookings only. Limited seats, make reservations now.

UNITY. EUS. 3391. Last wks. "Here Goes." Weds. to Suns. 7.30. Mem. 2s 6d. Adults only.

CROSBY Hall, Cheyne Walk, S.W.3. Shakespeare Stage Society. "Macbeth." May 14-19, 8 p.m. Box Off. 10-12.30, 76 Charlotte St. W.1. LAN. 0037. 5s. & 10s. 6d.

SHAKESPEARE Birthday. "A Winter's Tale," George Inn, Borough High St., Southwark (Lond. Bridge). Apr. 21 & 28 at 3 and 7.15, Apr. 23 (Birthday Perf.), 7.15, Morley Coll. Actors. Adm. free, seats 2s. 6d.

EVERYMAN, Hamp. 1525. Until April 15: Cocteau's "Orpheus" (A). Fr. Apr. 16: Ruzzo in "The Well-Digger's Daughter" (A).

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 3331. Sunday, April 15, 7.30. "Without Pity" (A).

AFRICAN Academy Anthropological Film on Equality of Races. Socials, 7 p.m. 50 Carnaby Street (behind Oxford Circus Tube). Tickets 2s., postage extra, from 17 Stratford Villas, N.W.1. and at door.

THE original film of the heroic Warsaw Rising, "The Last Days of Warsaw," will be shown at Imperial Institute Cinema on Thurs. April 19 at 7.15. Adm. by tkt. only, obtainable from Polish Combatants' Assoc., 18 Queens Gate Terr., S.W.7. Tel. WES. 0747.

"DAUGHTERS of China" (prize-winning Chinese film). Tkts. for Scala Theatre Apr. 17 are completely sold, and in order to meet enormous demand, a 2nd showing & meeting has been arranged for Tues. Apr. 24, 7.30, at Islington Town Hall, Upper St., N.1. All seats 2s. 6d. Apply at once: Brit.-China Friendship Assoc., 17 Bishops Bridge Rd., W.2. Please enc. stampd. env.

OPERA Circle: R.V.W.'s "Pilgrim's Progress" introduced by Sir Steuart Wilson with members of Covent Garden cast, Sunday, April 15, at 8 p.m., 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Particulars: WES. 7513.

"IDOMENEO" (Mozart). Production by City Opera Club at Toynbee Hall, E.C.1. May 3-5. To reserve seats 'phone RIV. 6369.

INDONESIAN Dancing & Singing on Kartini Day at Kens. Town Hall, W.8. Fri., Apr. 20, 7.30. Free tkts.: Sec., Persatuan Indonesia, 6 Thurloe Sq., S.W.7. KNI. 1225.

SOUTH Place Sunday Concerts. April 15, 6.30. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Holborn. MacGibbon String Quartet. Cyril Jackson, Beethoven D, Op. 18, No. 3; Walton St. Qts. Brahms Piano Quintet. Adm. 1s.

ST. JOHN'S Wood Orchestra, Hampstead Town Hall, Fri. next, at 7.45. Cond.: Francis Oakes. Soloists: Leonard Brain, Hilde Beal, Desmond Clayton. Overture (Arne), Cantata 57 (Bach), Oboe Concerto (Marcello), Adagio and Fugue (Mozart), Divertimento E flat (Haydn). Tickets 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s.

COWDRAY Hall, W.1 (behind D. H. Evans). April 16 at 8 p.m. Jane Vowles (soprano); Geoffrey Corbett—piano, classical and contemporary songs. Tickets 5s. & 2s. 6d. at door or WMA. (PAB. 8670.)

SALLE Erard, 18, Gt. Marlboro' St., W.1. April 21 at 7 p.m.: Leonard Cassini, Jane Vowles, John Glickman, James Gibb, WMA Singers, works by Boughton, Britten, Ireland, Maconchy, Rawsthorne & other WMA Vice-Presidents: tickets 2s. 6d. from WMA. (Pad. 8670.)

PETER Cowdery, Pianoforte Recital, Wigmore Hall, Wed., April 18, at 7.30. Works by Schumann, Brahms and Chopin. Tickets: 9s., 6s., 3s., at Hall and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

AUSTRIAN Evening, May 2: Are you interested in Austrian Holidays? You are invited to a show of recent films taken in Austria, followed by a Travel Forum on "Austrian Holidays," also Austrian songs and Accordion Music. Tickets including Continental Buffet, 5s. 6d. from firms at Lowe, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN 0911.

SUMMER School, Bryanston, Aug. 11-Sept. 1. Rameau: Les Paladins; Stravinsky: Dumbarton Oaks; Mozart: Piano Concerto, K.453; Roussel: Petite Suite; Haydn: Symphony No. 97; Handel: L'Allegro. Purcell; Dioclesian; Mozart; Opera "Zaide"; Bach: Clavier Concerto in D minor; Berlioz: Part 2 "Childhood of Christ." Denis Matthews, Gonzalo Soriano, Kalmer Orchestra, Cond. by Roger Desormiere. Send 2½d. stamp for Illustrated Prospectus to Sec., 29 Holland Villas Road, London, W.14.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League. Dance Sat., April 21, 7.30-11. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square. Tickets 4s.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Dance-Social. Apr. 14 from 7.30 to 11 p.m. Band. Licensed bar for members only. Adm. 2s. 6d. members, guests 3s. 6d. Refrs. inc.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

EDITH Barber, Pianoforte Recital, Wigmore Hall, Mon., April 16, at 7.30. Cranston, Farnaby, Purcell, Arne, Beethoven, Debussy, Suk, Janacek, Smetana, Chopin. Tickets: 9s., 6s., 3s., at Hall and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124, Wigmore St., W.1.

MAY Day Dance, St. Pancras Town Hall: Leslie Hutchinson and the Melody Makers. Tickets 4s. (organisations 3s. 6d.) from W.M.A. PAD. 8670.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimile of Thomas Girtin's "Rainbow over the Exe" now published at £4 12s. 2d. including tax. Available at 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1, and at all good print shops in U.K.

FESTIVAL of Britain. By arrangement with the Arts Council. Women's International Art Club. Paintings and Sculpture. Special Section from Canada, Australia, New Zealand. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Until April 28, 10-5, ex. Sun. Adm. 1s.

EXHIBITION of Hungarian Children's Art. Drawings and paintings by children aged 8-15 years. 33 Fembridge Square, W.2. Nearest Tube: Notting Hill Gate. April 6-22. Daily from 12 a.m. 8 p.m. Sundays from 2-8 p.m. Admission free.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society. Evening Party at Tate Gallery, April 30, 8 p.m.-11. Pre-view to Exhibition of Henry Moore Sculptures and Drawings. Tickets 12s. 6d., including refreshments. Applic. by members only to C.A.S., Tate Gallery, S.W.1.

BRIGHTON: The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Open daily including Sundays, 10-5.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society. Anyone wishing to join should apply to C.A.S., Tate Gallery, S.W.1. Annual subs. from 1gn.

IRVING Gallery, 17 Irving St., Leicester Square, W.C.2. English Watercolours. Goodwin & others. Until April 28.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Fauve Painting in France & Abroad. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1. Last week.

ARCHER Gallery, 101 Westbourne Grove, W.11. Paintings and Drawings by Contemporary Artists. Till April 28. 10-5 except Sundays.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts Gallery, 17-18 Dover Street, W.1. Graham Sutherland. Retrospective Selection, 1924-1951.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Oils by William Gear.

PARIS-Londres. Pictures recently purchased in France: Courbet, Corot, Degas, Cézanne, Monet, Pissarro, Bonnard, &c. 9.30-6, Sat. 9.30-1. Tooth's, 31 Bruton St., W.1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., Hanover Sq., W.1. Recent Paintings by Jean Hélion. Sculpture by Wotruba. Until May 5.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. Paintings by Bernard Buffet. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY College, London. Public Lectures on various subjects, commencing April 25, will be held during the Summer Term in the evening. Admission free and without ticket. Full details from Assistant Secretary, University College, London, Gower St., W.C.1. (Stamped envelope required.)

"STOP a Third World War." Meeting org. by Surrey Peace Council. William Morris Hall, Wimbledon, Thurs., April 26, 8 p.m. Gordon Schaffer, Wally Hunwick, Maud Candidatti, Jack Stanley. Adm. free.

PEACE With China Council: All-London Meeting. National Speakers: Chair—Kingsley Martin, Kingsway Hall, 7 p.m. Tuesday, April 24. Reserve this date.

"FROM War to Peace—the Next Step." R. W. G. Mackay, M.P., Clarence K. Streit (Author of "Union Now"), Dr. C. E. M. Joad. Livingstone Hall, 7.30 p.m., April 16. Adm. free. Reserved seats 1s. 6d. Federal Union, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

PEACE with China Committee, Paddington Public Meeting, Mon., April 23, 8 p.m. Porchester Hall, Porchester Rd., W.2. Chair: R. S. W. Pollard, Margery Fry, Sir John Pratt, J. Silverman, M.P., Rev. G. Norton.

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Society (LAN. 8591). Why Poland Opposes German Re-armament." Speaker: Mr. John Horner (Gen. Sec., Fire Brigades Union). Fri., April 13, 7.45, at 81 Portland Place, W.1. All welc.

"WHY Re-arm Germany?" Public meeting at Sutton Public Hall, Tues., April 24, 8 p.m. Speakers: Ritchie Calder, Heinrich Fraenkel, Lady Parmoor (Chairman).

WE Dare Not Forget. Warsaw Ghetto Battle Memorial Meeting under the auspices of World Jewish Congress, British Section. Principal speakers: The Rt. Hon. Lord Henderson, P.C., A. L. Easterman, LL.B., M.A. Chairman: Sydney S. Silverman, M.P. Wed. April 18, 7.30 p.m. Adolph Tuck Hall, Woburn House, W.C.1. Adm. free.

CITIES of London & Westminster Labour Pty. Public Mtg. on The Budget, Caxton Hall, Wed., April 18, 7 p.m. Spkrs.: Anthony Crossland, M.P., and Hugh Sutherland, prospective Parliamentary candidate (Labour).

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

PEACE with China: hear Ritchie Calder, G. Pargiter, M.P., Rabbi S. M. Lehrman, D. Weitzman, K.C., M.P.; Stoke Newington Assembly Hall, Tues. April 17, 7.45.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall. Gordon Schaffer on Soviet Foreign Policy. Thurs. April 19, 8 p.m. Adm. 6d. B.S.F.S.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place. Marble Arch. All welcome. Apr. 15: Science and Religion.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St. Public Lecture, Wed., April 18, 6.30. "Karma, Meditation & Health." Mr. H. Liversidge.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17-18 Dover Street, W.1. Gro 6186. April 17: "The Geometry of Composition." Lecture by Prof. Ghika. April 19: Platform for Poets. April 20: Edgar Varese, record recital introduced by Anthony Hill. April 21: At Home. New members welcome.

AFRICAN Music, Dancing and Poetry. The West African Writers and Artists Club invite you to an Inaugural meeting on April 21 at 3 p.m. at the theatre of the Imperial Institute, S. Kensington. Traditional Ewe music and dancing, Philip Ubeho. Contemporary music, Fela Suwande. Yoruba Poetry and Talking drum, E. L. Lasebikan. Admission, non-members 2s. at door, or from 129 Camberwell Rd., S.E.5. Members free.

THE Balalaika. Lecture recital by Hilda Catton. Sun., Apr. 15, 8 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8. 2s. (members and students 1s.)

HAMPSTEAD Artists' Council, 1 Hampstead Hill Gardens, N.W.3. April 18, 8.15 p.m. "The Psychology of Art Criticism": Lecture by John Parry, Ph.D. April 22, 8.15 p.m., Discussion of selected works by Cecil Stephenson. Adm. free. All welc.

EGYPTIAN Education Bureau, 4 Chesterfield Gdns., Curzon St., W.1. Sir Fred Clarke on "Education and Cultural Contacts." 6 p.m., Tuesday, April 17. Adm. free.

J. F. HORRABIN: "Fifty Years of Playgoing." Hampstead Ethical Soc., 783 Finchley Rd., Golders Grn. (Regal Cinema Bus stop), Sun., April 15, at 7.45.

J. HUTTON HYND: "Religious Conflict in the U.S.A." At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Pl., W.2, Sun., Apr. 15, 11 a.m.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall, every Thursday, 7.30 p.m. April 19: "The Spirit and Influence of Vedanta." All welcome.

MISS Sybil Morrison will be lecturing to Youth Lodge on "Pacifist's View of Modern Problems" in Caxton Hall, S.W.1. on Thursday, April 19, at 8 p.m. All are welcome.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock, April 15, Prof. G. W. Keeton, M.A., LL.D., Ph.D., "Personalities in International Affairs." Questions after lecture.

L. H. COLLISON will speak on "Greek Drama" April 20 at 17 Great Cumberland Pl., Marble Arch, 8.15 p.m. All welcome.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. "Impressions of the Florentine Galleries." Illustrated talk by Franc Bernstein. Wed., April 18, at 8 p.m. Non-members 1s.

CENTRAL African Dominion? Dr. Banda, Chair: Tom Driberg, M.P. April 16, 32 Tavistock Sq., W.C.1. Lunch 12.30, Mtg. 1 p.m. Tkts. 2s. 6d. Union of Democratic Control, 32 Tavistock Sq. Tel. 3770.

ALL Nations Social Club. "The Council of Europe," by R. W. G. Mackay, M.P.; British Representative Council of Europe. Th., Apl. 19, 8 p.m. Gt. Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1 (Back Cumberland Pl.). Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tues., April 17, 7.45. "Winter in Czechoslovakia." Speaker: Mrs. Sadie Griffiths. Chair: Mr. Gordon Pearce. All welcome.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. April 21 at 6 p.m. M. Jacques Chailley, Professeur au Conservatoire de Paris: "Musique du lendemain devant les publics d'hiver."

"PLANNING in Rural China": Julian Friedman, former U.S. Labour Attaché in China. Planning Centre, 28 King St., W.C.2. 8.15 p.m. Wed., April 18. Adm. 1s.

THEATRE Forum, Sunday, April 15, 7.30, Bull and Mouth Tavern, Bloomsbury Way (cont. of New Oxford St.). Open Discussion of Unity Theatre's Present Difficulties. Chairman: Alex. McCrindle. A vital issue. Everyone urged to attend. New collection.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

"DELINQUENCY and the Role of the Educative Influence." 6 weekly lectures, with discussion, by Barbara Low, starting April 19, 7 p.m. Course fee 5s. Apply Institute for the Study and Treatment of Delinquency, 8 Bourdon St., Davies St., W.1.

BOYANUS School of Russian, 42 Doughty St., W.C.1 (nr. Russell Square). Summer Term begins April 30. Classes for Beginners and Students of all grades. Individual tuition. All partics. from Sec. Tel. HOL. 6770.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

U.N. Helps Half the World. United Nations Assocn. Conference on Technical Assistance. Spkrs.: K. N. Kaul, India House, Dr. Rita Hinden, Martin Flett, Leader of U.K. Deleg. to Colombo Conference, Feb. 1951, David Wellloch, Tech. Asst. Mission to Bolivia & El Salvador. April 27, 6 p.m. April 28, 11-6. Detls. UNA, 25 Charles St., W.1.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures on "Anglo-American Financial Relations during and since the War" will be given by Mr. Paul Bareau (Deputy City Editor of the "News Chronicle") at 5 p.m. on April 20, 24 and 27, at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton St., Aldwych, W.C.2. Adm. free, without tkt.

BECOME Your Own Economist. Spring term of classes in Basic Economics and Social Philosophy begins on Tuesday and Thursday, April 24 & 26, 7 p.m., at Westminster. The Course lasts ten weeks (attend once weekly on either day). No fees. Write for full particulars to: Henry George School of Social Science, 4 Great Smith St., S.W.1, or telephone: ABBEY 6665.

ECONOMICS. Twelve-lecture course planned to explain basic principles of economic science. Evenings 7 to 9. Begins April 30. Fee 1 guinea. Enrol now or ask for further information. School of Economic Science, 11 Suffolk Street, S.W.1. Telephone Trafalgar 6415.

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LONDON University and other exams.: University Correspondence College, founded 1887, prepares students for Entrance (Matric.), Inter. and Degree Exams. in Arts, Science, Econs., etc., also Dip. in Public Admin., Social Studies; for General Certificate of Education (Ordinary and Advanced Levels), Oxford, Cambridge and others, Professional Prelim. exams., Law, Civil Service, Local Govt., etc. U.C.C. is an Educational Trust not conducted primarily as a profit-making concern. Med. fees; instalments. Pros. free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

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DUTTON Shorthand School. Day (full or part-time) & evening classes start April 23, shorthand, typing and business routine. 92, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1.

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